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# it

No 132 June 19 1972

# Lick Dick in '72

Neville in the Quagmire
Farren on the Stones
and Abbie Unchained

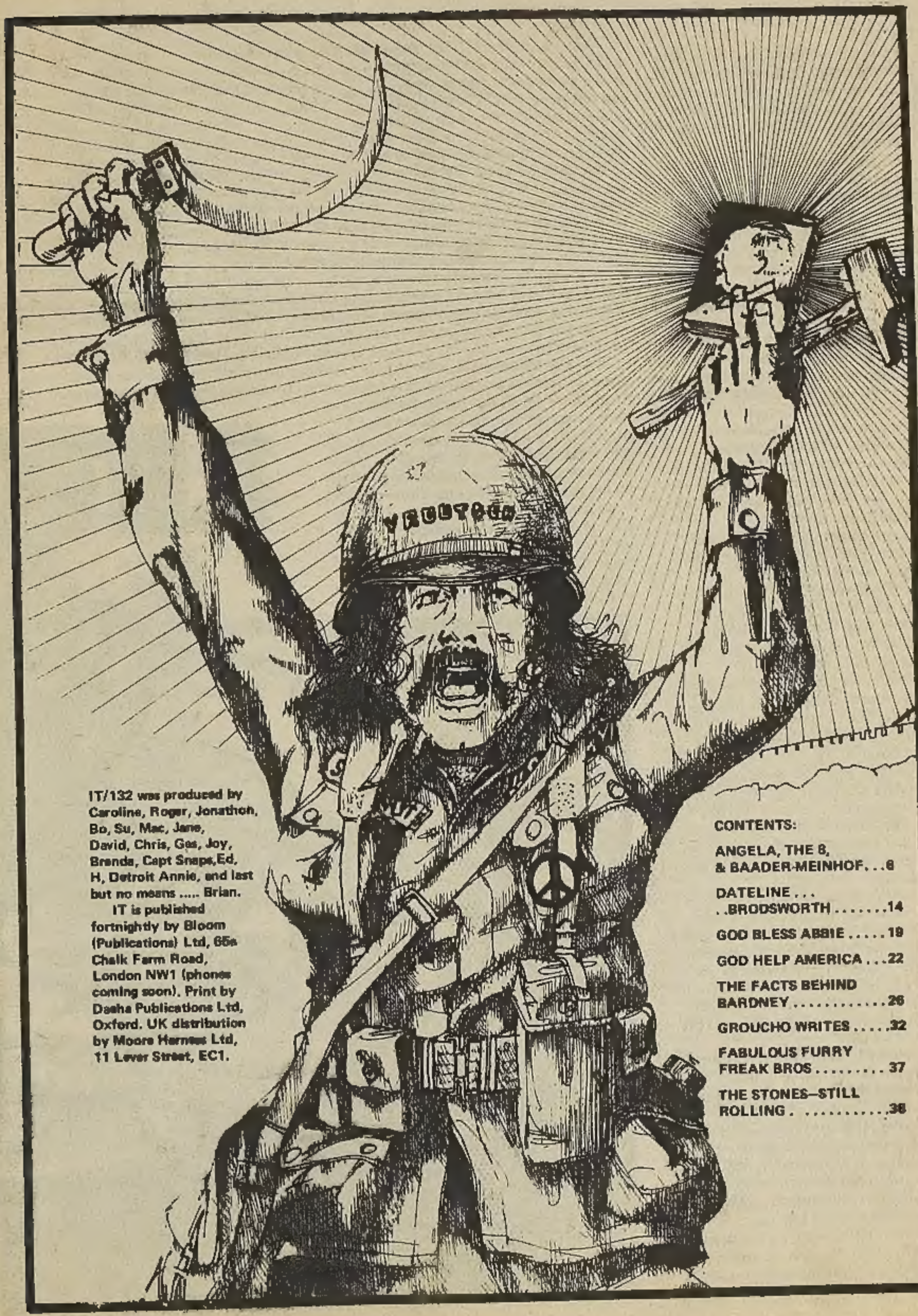


## Angela for President



BEARS OUT SHOPPING FOR COATS

©EDWARDTZ



IT/132 was produced by Caroline, Roger, Jonathon, Bo, Su, Mac, Jane, David, Chris, Ges, Joy, Brenda, Capt Snaps,Ed, H, Detroit Annie, and last but no means ..... Brian.

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CONTENTS:

ANGELA, THE 8, & BAADER-MEINHOF...6

DATELINE ... ..BRODSWORTH .....14

GOD BLESS ABBIE .....19

GOD HELP AMERICA ...22

THE FACTS BEHIND BARDNEY .....26

GROUCHO WRITES .....32

FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROS ..... 37

THE STONES–STILL ROLLING . .....38

# LETTERS

Dear IT:

I was very disappointed to see your cover regarding Dylan which said The Truth This Time or something to that effect. I guess you took my apology at face value—but dig it, there was a lot behind it.

Like what would you do if John Sinclair's wife approached you and said that she believed that John and Yoko's appearance at the upcoming Sinclair benefit depended on your making that apology to Dylan. Then Jerry Rubin told me that if I'd apologise to Bob J & Y would probably bail out polit ical prisoner Dana Beal (who at that time was being forced to cop a plea since he couldn't made the 10 grand bail to fight it from the outside).

And how would you feel if you were being harrassed by the Red Squad—they called me up, t apped my phone, put my pad under surveillance after catching me in David Rockefellars garbage—oh yeah, they also came to one RLF demo en masse—in fact, there were more cops than RLFers at that particular demo.

...and then your friends on the left went after you. That attack on me was bullshit—Jerry Rubin encouraged me to attack Dylan—he came over to my pad and told me that the DLF was RIGHT ON and that Dylan was definitely a pig—and I looked up to him at the time.

David Peel played at the birthday party, supplied the sound equipment etc., and John Lennon wore a FREE BOB DYLAN—DLF button on the front cover of the New York Post, said Dylan took junk in a Rolling Stone interview and wrote I DON'T BELIEVE IN Zimmerman ... not a word of this was mentioned in their attack on me. It was like entrapment—they egged me on, gave me the equipment then busted me for it.

I didn't write that apology—John Lennon wrote it and I signed hoping for the best. I guess one of the reasons I did it was cause of George Jackson single—I thought that Dylan might really be gettin back into it—but as it turned out Dylan kept all the bread from that single and just did it to get me off his back.

You see I really want to believe in Dylan—or wanted to ... now I'm convinced there's really no hope of getting Dylan back into the movement—he's just too conservative in lifestyle and politics. Impretty much through with Dylanplaying and I just want one more thing from Bob—a return bout. This time I'm gonna kick the shit out of him cause he won't be able to jump on me from behind ... and I'm not just gonna try and block his punchs and calm him down.

What I said about Dylan and JUNK is the fuckin truth. All the apologies in the world won't change what I learned about him by applying the analytic method of criticis m to his poetry. (At a recent press conference Tony Scadutto admitted that he had to delete things about Dylan's involvement with hard drugs and homosexuality from his book at his publishers request). He still owns office buildings on Times Square and still has millions of dollars. He supports the reactionary Israeli government instead of supporting progressive elements within Israel and has left the city for an estate on Long Island.

Now I'm friends with John and Yoko. In fact I'm going over to see them after I finish this letter... and I hope to get them to make some statement that I was unfairly pressured into making that apology though I must admit a lot of the blame rests on my shoulders. It hurt me a lot—I was really depressed for days—after seeing that IT cover—cause I feel I let down my people in England. I swear to you it will never happen again.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE,

A J WEBERMAN
Dylan Archives
6 Bleeker Street, New York City
10012.

Dear IT:

Your first letter in IT/130 from Irish talks of a lot of shit being written in the underground press about Ireland. You then proceed in the next letter to print a load of shit about Ireland.

I am not criticising Ruth Daniels' opinions, she's entitled to that,but I wish to hell she'd get her facts right. The Civil Rights Movement *is* run by the Officials. The Northern Resistance Movement *is* run by the Provos and the Provos *are* the bigger and more active organisation. The Provos *do* get in the papers more but as for the Officials blowing up everything and shooting at everyone, who the hell blew the leg of my mate's chick; who the fuck shot down kids and babies, even accidentally; who are trying to bring about Civil War by their very actions—THE PROVOS.

They are responsible for almost every bombing and death in Ulster. They have alienated themselves from almost every bit of support they ever had. The people of Ulster are sick to death (sic) of being scared. If the revolution is to come it must come peacefully.

So, Ruth Daniels, please get your facts right before you give forth on something you appear to know nothing about.

CHRIS
Loyal Son of William.

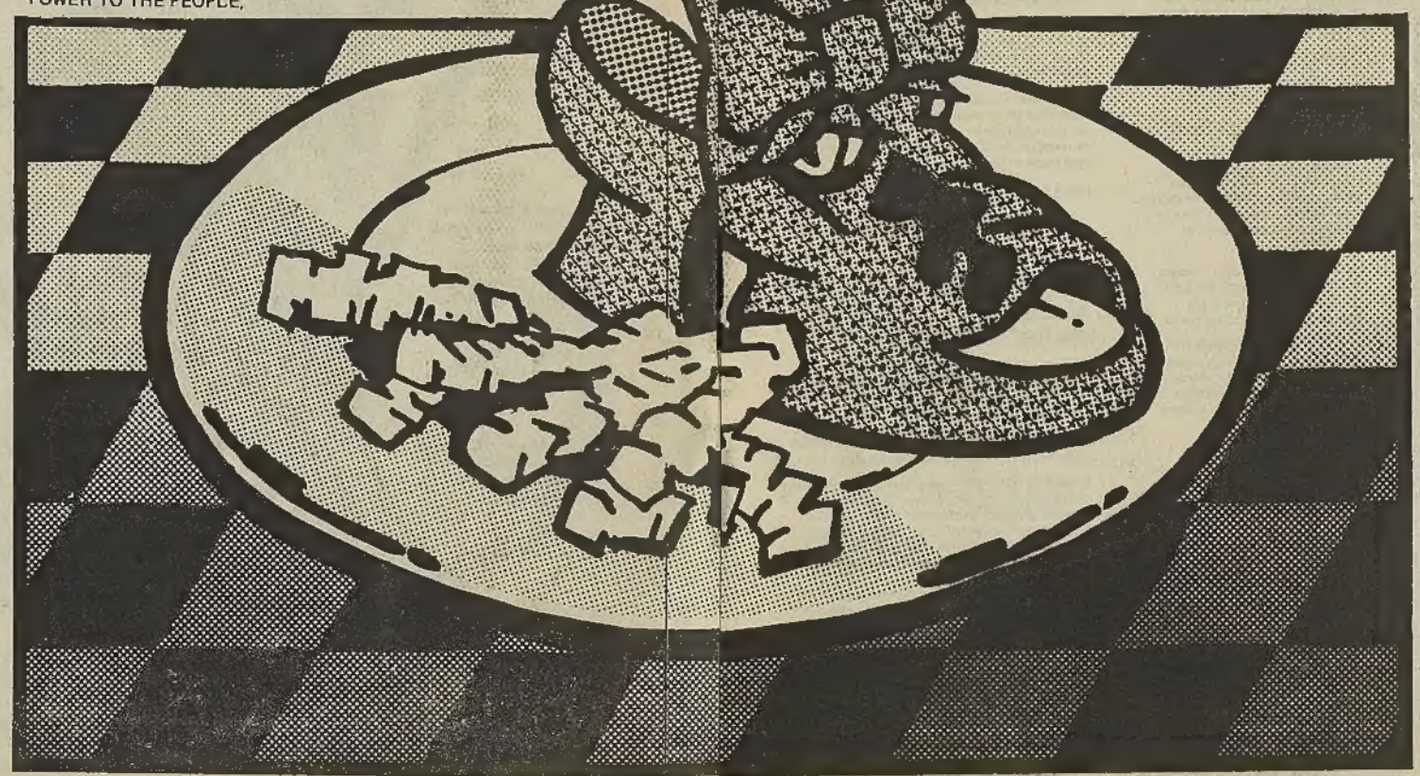
Dear IT:

We are a psychedelic based commune which at the moment has rather a sexual imbalance. We need more chicks at this stage but as we have been together for some time and a strong collective consciousness has evolved, anyone joining will not have an easy time. We intend to go to India with capital backing us, so anyone partaking will have to work in a "straight" job until this is achieved. We believe in group marriage and the expanding of the conscious etc. and also live on a vegetarian/health food basis.

All resources and knowledge are obviously shared and any committment would be expected to be for life. Any chicks interested please contact us at the address below.

Love and peace,

ROGER & THE GANG
86 Sandringham Road, Hackney Downs, London E.8.



Dear IT:

Belfast Prison, Crumlin Road.
22/5/72

I had to write this to let you know how your brothers are faring in this little shithole.

Well to start— Firstly as you may or may not have heard, some of the brothers who were long term prisoners went on strike in order to obtain the status of political prisoners. Their claim was rejected and as a result some Young Prisoners barricaded themselves in their cells as a protest. The screws broke down a few doors and beat up a few brothers.

In a reaction to this the other young prisoners started a riot the same night. The riot was eventually stopped by a member of the IRA who told the brothers it would be best if they returned to their cells. Now even though the brothers did this the prison authorities ordered severe measures to be taken and all of those who took part in the riot and quite a few who didn't have had practically all privileges withdrawn. They are confined to their cells 6 days per week and only allowed to work 1 day. This means that they get no pay and as a result cannot buy tobacco, etc. They are only allowed recreation 2 nights per week and only for 1 hour per night. This means that they are in their cells for 150 hours out of 168 (they get out for meals).

Now during the riot the Pig army was called in and they discharged several rubber bullets at the prisoners. One brother had his leg broken by one of these. Another brother fell off a roof and hurt himself quite badly. The doctor was not called for them until the following afternoon.

The young prisoners' privileges have been withdrawn until the prison authorities see fit to give them back. No date has been fixed. A full scale govt. investigation—totally biased by the pigs' own version, no doubt—is supposed to be going on. Until it is over there will probably be no action to restore privileges.

This has been smuggled out. (By the way, the incident happened on 11/5/72 but unfortunately it was impossible to get this letter out earlier because of correspondence restrictions) and will reach you through tribal communications links.

All power to the people,

A CHILD OF THE NEW MORNING.

# BOOTLEG

Seven of the best bootleg records available to the readers of IT at reasonable prices. **Why pay more?** All albums are in stock and we promise **no** delays. Send us your money with order and your chosen albums will be sent **by return.**

All records are excellent pressings, pressed in a variety of assort ed transparent see-through colours, and come complete with an insert sheet giving full track details and other info concerning artists.

All single albums are **£2.60p inclusive of post and packing.** The Floyd double set is priced at **£4.60p inclusive of post and packing.** Payment must be made by **UNCROSSED POSTAL ORDERS SENT BLANK.** Overseas payment must be made by International Money Order only. No cheques accepted.

These records are selling fast. To ensure which ever album you desire move fast and order quickly! The Pink Floyd double is at the moment in short supply, we have a few sets left but more stocks are forthcoming. If you wish to order the floyd, state whether you want to wait two weeks for new stocks, or list alternatives, and we will refund any balance of money. The few available sets left will be dispatched to those who order this recording. All other records listed, we have large stocks of, so every order will be met. Thank you.

**BOOTLEG BONANZA, BOX 132/BBX, C/o IT, 65 Chalk Farm Road, N.W.1.**

## THE BEATLES "YELLOW MATTER CUSTARD"

Side 1: I got a woman/Glad all over/I just don't understand/Slowdown/Please don't ever change/A shot of rhythm and blues/Sure to fail.

Side 2: Nuthin's shaking (like the leaves on a tree)/Lonesome tears in my eyes/Everybody loves somebody/Sit right down and cry/Crying waiting and hoping/To know her is to love her/Bound by love.

**An incredible album for all Beatle fans and collectors everywhere. Contains 13 never before issued great RocknRoll tracks.**

**Price: £2.60p.**

## BOB DYLAN—G.W.W. "SEEMS LIKE A FREEZE OUT"

Side 1: California/Lay down your weary tune/Dusty old fairgrounds/Who you really are/If I could do it all over, I'd do it all over you/Tell me what your gonna do/Restless farewell.

Side 2: I wanna be your man/Can you please crawl out of your window/From a buick 6/Visions of Johanna/She's your lover now.

**Contains material and recordings not previously released on any legitimate or illegitimate album. This particular album made a brief appearance last year at a few specialised shops that deal in pirate sounds In fact since then it hasn't been seen around. Until now that is.**

**Price £2.60p.**

## BOB DYLAN "BLIND BOY GRUNT"

Side 1: Hard times in New York town/Follow you down/Sally gal/Stealin'/Gospel flow/Ballad of Donald White/Only a hobo-Talkin' devil/Wade in the water.

Side 2: There was a time when I was blind/VD* Blues/VD* Waltz/VD* City/VD* gunners blues/Cocaine/Ballad of Ornie Wise/John Brown

**This is the one, recorded in a hotel room almost ten years ago. Since then the original tape has changed hands about once a week. Every Dylan freak in the nation has heard at least some passing mention of this now famous bootleg. As fellow Dylan freaks, we hope that you will really enjoy it, as we did.**

**Price: £2.60p.**

## BOB DYLAN "TALKIN' BEAR MOUNTAIN MASSACRE PICNIC BLUES"

Side 1: Quit your lowdown ways/Worried blues/Corrina corrina/Lonesome whistle blues/Rocks and gravel/Talkin' havah negilah blues/Adams spring/Whichita blues.

Side 2: Talkin' bear mountain massacre picnic blues/I'm in the mood for you/Emmett till/Baby please don't go/Going to new orleans/Milk cow blues.

**Contains material and recordings not previously released on any legitimate or illegitimate album. This particular album made a brief appearance last year at a few specialised shops and hasn't been heard of since. Till now, that is.**

**Price: £2.60p.**

## THE PINK FLOYD LIVE "EMBRYO"

Side 1: Careful with that axe eugene/Cymbaline.
Side 2: Embryo/Set the controls for the heart of the sun.

Side 3: Saucerful of Secrets
Side 4: Atom Heart Mother.

**Recorded live in concert in Hamburg—Musikhalle 25.2.71. A few sets available. Hurry, more stocks to follow.**

**Price £4.60p.**

## THE ROLLING STONES "BEAUTIFUL DELILAH"

Side 1: Memphis tennessee/Roll over Beethoven/Down in the bottom/You can make it if you try/Route 66/Confessin' the blues/Down the road apiece/Hi-heel sneakers/Beautiful delilah

Side 2: Oh carol/I just wanna make love to you/Satisfaction/The spider and the fly/Cry to me/Fannie mae/Walkin' the dog/Jumpin' Jack Flash.

**This album is a gem for the Stones fan who likes to be complete with his collection. Contains six never before issued recordings of numbers that were old stage favourites way back in the sixties.**

**Price: £2.60p.**

## BOB DYLAN & THE BAND LIVE IN CONCERT AT THE ALBERT HALL "IN 1966 THERE WAS"

Side 1: Tell me Mama/I don't believe you/Baby let me follow you down/Just like Tom Thumb's Blues/Leopard Skin Pill Box Hat/One to many mornings

Side 2: (in stereo for the first time!) Ballad of a Thin Man/Like a Rollin' Stone.

**Hailed by all Dylan collectors the world over as his finest ever recording. "Supremely elegant piece of rock'n'roll music ever"**—Dave Marsh, Creem/UPS, **"Royal music"**—said Griel Marcus from Rolling Stone. **"His best ever and an excellent pressing"**—Richard Williams, Melody Maker 1971. **"A brilliant live album of howling rock'n' roll, the most important Dylan bootleg ever to be pressed"**—Mick Farren, IT. **"Quite simply the best example of the finest live rock band of its time."**—Steve Mann, Friends. **"It is superb, the pinnacle of rock achievement in the 60s"**—Pete Fowler, Cream magazine.

**Price £2.60p.**

# ONE FREE TEN TO GO








In the last few weeks the august bodies that uphold 'law and order' have been having themselves a ball. In California the whole system is indulging in an orgy of liberal self-congratulation as the jury join black militant Angela Davis at her freedom party. In Germany printing magnate Axel Springer, among others can rest happier in his bed with the shoot-out capturing of the national urban guerillas, the Baader Meinhof Red Army Faction. And in our own Old Bailey, the Stoke Newington 8, on trial for the series of 'Angry Brigade' bombings, settle in to what may well be a three month ordeal by Justice. IT looks at all three events: their backgrounds, their immediate impact, and their position as yet more steps in the continuing struggle.

## ANGELA DAVIS FREE !

**SAN JOSE:**—So Angela Davis is out at last. Amidst hugs, tears and a large pat on the poor bruised back of American Justice she emerged a free ex-Professor of philosophy after a three month trial for her supposed complicity in Jonathan Jackson's attempt to free two prisoners from Marin County courtroom last year.

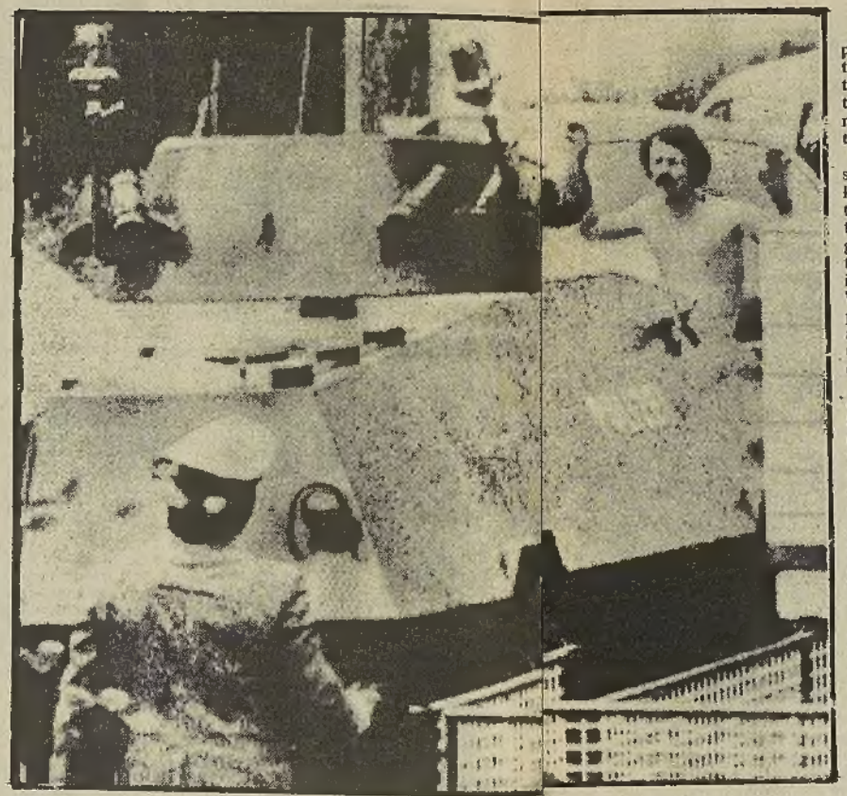
Her release met with smug self congratulation from *The Defenders of American Justice*, a body whose chief claim t o fame is its remarkably rapid loss of members. Most of whom became *Ungrateful Cynics*, a ragged band of naive deviants who seem to spring up every time American Justice does it's best to hold Law and Order together.

Nevertheless, the three remaining members of the American branch, a certain R.Nixon, one Wheels Wallace and an antique, would-be cowboy, John "Ass Tanner" Wayne, must have derived a great deal of pleasure from the gushings of the British Press, who, led by volatile pundit Bernard Levin, seemed to regard the whole affair as indicative of the flabby mindedness of the (ahem) "Revolutionary" elements in Western Society. After all, these unmentionables actually wish to destroy the very system which treated Militant Davis with such impartial fairness.

Admittedly, the State's contention of her visit to both Marin County Courthouse and San Quentin to arrange the bust-out, was contradicted by eleven witnesses, but mistakes are human failings after all. Certainly, Miss Davis, who at the time of the shootings had committed no crime whatsoever, was unfairly chosen by the FBI as star of their 'Wanted' list. But she was, by her own admission, a Communist and furthermore a Black one as well!

Perhaps our Bernard is right after all, I mean to say, they could have chosen hard-liner Julius "Chicago" Hoffman to try Angela—he certainly has the experience of dealing with her type. And in the final analyses one must agree that the American judicial system has progressed in leaps and bounds since it let George Jackson, big time gas station robber, bleed to death in a corrective centre exercise yard in those dark unenlightened days of 1971.





## BAADER–MEINHOF

**Frankfurt (WPN):** Andreas Baader, co-leader of the German urban guerrillas, the Baader-Meinhof Group (they also use the name R.A.F.—Rote Armee Fraktion/Red Army Group) was wounded and captured in a dawn gun battle in Frankfurt, Germany, on the 1st of June this year.

A police armoured car pulled up outside a house that had been watched for several weeks, the armoured car was supported by a squad of riot police armed with machine guns, rifles, pistols and tear gas grenades. Over a loud-hailer, the pigs shouted: "Throw your guns out of the window and come outside." There was no response and still none to a second, similar appeal. After throwing tear-gas grenades through the window, the police went in. There was a short, sharp gun-battle and then three or four men were hustled from the house (reports differ as to how many were captured). One of the others arrested was Holger Meiris, who the police have been hunting in connection with the shooting of a German policeman last year.

The 'Group'—it's thought to have about 30 members—gets its vernacular name from its two leaders, the now arrested Andreas Baader, 29, and Ulrike Meinhof, 37, who is still free. It is Ulrike Meinhof who is undoubtedly the most interesting personality in the 'Group'. She was regarded as a brilliant political journalist when editor of the German left wing magazine 'Konkret'. It was she who declared war on the state on May 14th, 1970, she led an armed raid that liberated the imprisoned Baader.

Baader had been imprisoned for 3 years for his part in the fire-bombing of warehouses in Frankfurt, on April 2nd 1968, with the object of "bringing the Vietnam war home".

Baader had been given permission, while serving his sentence, to study under guard in a Berlin university library. It was in the library, under the cover of tear gas grenades and gunfire, that Ulrike Meinhof and two others snatched Baader from the pigs, in the process wounding two pigs and critically injuring a librarian. It was thus the 'Group' was formed.

A statement published by R.A.F. in a German underground paper "Agit 883" said of the raid:

**"We have to give reasons for our activity to set free Andreas Baader, not to the intellectual men, who are frightened out of their wits, or to those who think they know always more than we, we have to talk to those parts of the people that are potentially revolutionaries. To those and not to the intelligentsia of the petty bourgeois we have to say that our activity to free Baader was only the beginning—there can now be seen the end of the power of the pigs."**

After Baader was sprung, the 'Group' are known to have gone to the Middle East, to be trained by the Palestinian guerrillas. They returned to Germany to show that it is possible to use in Western Europe the praxis of the Tupamaros and the strategy of the urban guerrilla to attack capitalist society.

The German press, especially the right-wing Springer group, pinned every unsolved crime of violence on them. Indeed they have been almost unanimously elected the collective scapegoats for many unsolved crimes in Germany. They are thought to be responsible for a chain of bank robberies between May 1970 and January 1971 worth over £50,000. In addition to bank robberies, car thefts and other 'crimes', members of the 'Group' are said to have been involved in several gun battles with the police from which, until now, they usually escaped unscathed. One woman 'member' of the gang and one policeman have died in these shoot-outs up to now.

The 'Group' said of the accusations in the press:

**"Since the end of the training of the first 20 persons there has been no information about our group which came from our group itself. What R.A.F. does is top secret. The many institutions of the police (political police, etc). the public prosecutor, the Spiegel and the newspapers of the Springer group, none of them know anything about our group.**

**"The armed fight does not evolve from one headline to another. The political and military strategy of urban guerrillas extends from our resistance against the fascism in the parliamentary democracy to the erection of the first regular troops of the Red Army for the war of the people. The fight is at its beginning."**

Soon the 'Group's' hard-core became the most wanted people in Germany, but despite nationwide dragnets involving up to 20,000 police at a time, the pigs had only managed to catch minor members of the 'Group.'

Police action intensified after a recent series of bombings that have been attributed to the 'Group.' Early this year they were said to be responsible for the following bombings:

(1) The United States Army's Fifth Corps headquarters in Frankfurt—an American colonel was killed and 13 injured.

(2) Police headquarters in Augsburg and Munich.

(3) The Hamburg headquarters of the Axel-Springer publishing group—17 people were injured.

(4) American Army headquarters in Heidelberg—3 soldiers killed and five hurt.

It is doubtful if the arrest of Baader and the 2 or 3 others will seriously damage the effectiveness of the 'Group' for more than a short time. The significant thing about the 'Group' that the police and the 'rulers' of Germany should examine is the background of its members. In nearly every case they come from highly respectable, middle-class backgrounds. Had they remained within the 'law' they could have had all the benefits, that a country with one of the highest standards of living in the world could offer, they refused this for the life of hunted men and women to fight for the beauty of the words **POWER TO THE PEOPLE.**



**By JOHN CARDING**
**Chairman, White Panther Party, UK.**

## THE STOKE NEWINGTON EIGHT TRIAL

**THE DEFENDANTS:—**
Jim Greenfield, John Barker, Anna Mendelson, Hilary Creek, Chris Bott, Stuart Christie, Angela Weir, Kate McLean.

**THE CHARGES:—**

1. All are charged with, between January 1968 and August 1971, maliciously conspiring together with Jack Leonard Prescott and others unknown to cause explosions in the United Kingdom likely to endanger life or cause serious injury to property.
2. Jim has been charged with maliciously attempting to cause an explosion in May 1970 to endanger life or cause serious injury to property.
3. Anna and Jim have been accused of attempting to cause explosions of a nature likely to endanger life or cause serious injury to property.
4. Stuart has been accused of having a round of ammunition without holding a firearms certificate.
5. Jim, Anna, John, Hilary, Stuart and Chris have been accused of possessing explosive substances for an unlawful purpose.
6. Jim, John and Stuart have been accused of possessing explosive substances for an unlawful purpose.
7. Jim, John and Hilary have been accused of receiving a vehicle knowing it to have been stolen.
8. Stuart has been accused of possessing explosive substances for an unlawful purpose.
9. Jim, Anna, John, Hilary, Stuart and Chris have been accused of possessing a Browning Pistol without a firearms certificate.
10. Jim, Anna, John, Hilary, Stuart and Chris have been accused of possessing eight rounds of ammunition without a firearms certificate.
11. Jim, Anna, John, Hilary, Stuart and Chris have been accused of possessing without the authority of the Secretary of State, two machine guns.

All have pleaded **NOT GUILTY** to all charges.

John, Anna and Hilary are defending themselves.

**THE JURY:**—The arraignment of the jury set something of a precedent when the Judge asked 72 potential jurors twelve questions to establish whether they felt they could remain unbiased throughout the trial. Some jurors called out "I'm biased" even before they reached the box.

1. Were they connected with three addresses and two banks or any activities which went on at them?
2. Were they connected with certain organisations or movements or any organisation or movement opposed to those organisations?
3. Were any of the jurors friends or relatives—or a constituent—of Mr. Robert Carr, MP, Mr. John Davies MP, or Sir Peter Rawlinson, the Attorney-General?
4. Was any juror a friend or relative of the managing director of the Ford Motor Company, or of Sir John Waldron, Sir John Eden, or Mr Woodrow Wyatt?
5. "Are you a subscribing member of the Conservative Party?"
6. Had they any financial interest in the Ford Motor Company or the Biba Boutique in Kensington or were they in any way closely connected with them?
7. "Are you a member of the Territorial Army or have you close relations or friends who are likely to serve with the armed forces in Northern Ireland?"
8. Was any juror a policeman or a member of the prison service, or the firm Securicor, or did he have a friend or relative who was employed by any of those organisations?
9. Did any juror have a close connection with American or Spanish Embassies in London; The London and Liverpool branches of the Bank of Spain or the London branch of the Bank of Bilbao, Iberian Airlines, or any Italian Government office in the United Kingdom?
10. "Have you any views generally concerning any anarchist movement or activities which might cause you to be biased in favour of or against the accused?"
11. Had any juror any impression that the accused persons "were members of an anarchist organisation or the Angry Brigade?"
12. Had any juror any knowledge of the social or political activities of the accused that might cause them to be biased?

**THIS IS NOT A POLITICAL TRIAL:**—On the first day Anna and John applied for the trial to be adjourned for two years and handed the judge a pile of press cuttings with sensational headlines of the Prescott-Purdie trial which linked that case to the present hearing. "I believe it is unjust and dangerous to try us in this prejudiced atmosphere", said Anna. Mr. Justice James refused the applications saying that he would make certain that they got a fair trial. "This is not a political trial and no one is going to make it one".

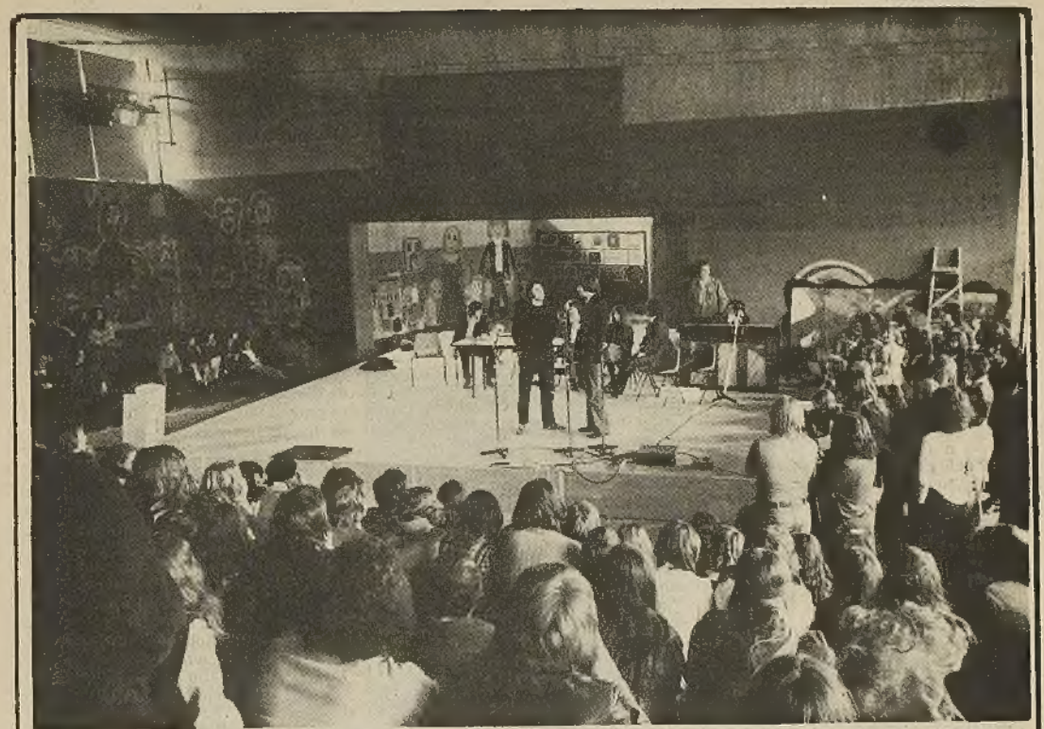


The crown prosecutor, Mr. John Mathew, told the jury in his opening speech that police officers who visited a flat in Amhurst Road occupied by John, Jim, Anna and Hilary found a "factory for the manufacture of bombs." A Sten gun, a Beretta automatic submachine gun, a Browning automatic pistol and three magazines loaded with 17, 21 and 23 rounds of ammunition were found in a holdall under a table. A further search revealed 33 sticks of gelignite in a cabinet, 20 loose bullets in a sideboard, two boxes of shotgun cartridges and a John Bull printing set. In addition a large quantity of documents were seized; lists of names of persons prominent in politics, the law, industry and the police; plans of the houses of Sir John Eden, Mr. Woodrow Wyatt and Osias Freshwater, chairman of the large property company; articles giving instructions in the use of explosives, firearms and electronics; and a plan of the Scotland Yard department C10 in Chalk Farm.

**BOMBS!** :—Mr. Mathew continued, "These eight defendants, calling themselves revolutionaries and anarchists, under various names, sought to disrupt and attack the democratic society of this country, with whose structure and politics they apparently disagreed, by a wave of violent attacks over quite a lengthy period by causing explosions aimed at the property of those they considered their political or social opponents." He went on to describe the construction of two types of bomb. The first 19 explosions, with two exceptions, had been caused by acid delay bombs. Two sticks of explosive, with a detonator at the bottom, were embedded in a mixture of potassium chlorate and sugar. A bottle filled with sulphuric acid, and with a perforated cap, was placed in the middle of the explosive. By placing the bomb in a bag and turning it upside down, the acid leaked from the bottle through a membrane of tissue, and dripped onto the mixture, which burst into a sheet of intensely hot flame, igniting the detonator which set off the explosive. The last six bombs had electric detonators and the hour hand of a clock triggered the explosion.

**THE TRIAL CONTINUES:**—A veritable swarm of experts, on ballistics, explosives, fingerprints, etc. has been and still continues to be called to substantiate the prosecutions allegations. The trial is expected to last three months. If you want to see the Law Circus in action, remember that Special Branch are in daily attendance searching at random people entering the public gallery. The Stoke Newington Eight Defence Group need money, Box 359, Compendium Books, 240 Camden High Street, N.1.





**LONDON:**— *Take an elevated Motorway, a stubborn but moneyed Borough Council and a leonine chunk of imagination, and political commitment. Result ... The Westway Theater, a free theatre created by and for the inmates of North Kensington. It opened last week with The Royal Court Theatre Co's play about the housing shortage "Show me the way to go home", and from now until Midsummers Day, when the Festival of London ends, the arches will be jumping with a programme of Dance, Drama, Music and lots of unclassifiable wonders. And after the festival? ... "the theatre's here to stay" sings the handout, Sterling Stuff!*

*It's taken a while though for freaks and normals to create something as good as this and the story's worth the telling.*

*The motorway has been a familiar eyesore for quite a while now and despite the Borough Council's Amenity Trust—formed to help utilise the huge strip of land under Westway, those tempting bays have stayed more or less empty. An adventure playground occupied 3 or 4, but the rest lay fallow until the London White Panther Party formed the North Kensington Art s Fund. Not in their normal role, though, if you're dealing with the Royal Borough you doff your cap and bow out backwards. So the Arts Fund was as straight as a crease in the Duke's trousers, and it paid off. They approached the Kensington and Chelsea Arts Council, began a fruitful and moneyed union with same and a while later, The Westway Free Theatre opened, complete with stage, seats, lights and an initial programme of events running till the end of July.*

*And then? They've got the use of the land until the Amenity Trust's lease runs out in '74 and hopefully if they keep the programme as full as this months it could be the start of a pe manent community theatre in those barren parts. The people are there—the money's there too. If pressing your denims gets these results then lets keep passing the iron.*

**LONDON:**—Prince of Wales Crescent in Camden Town is the nub of North London's liberative freak community. There's the macro restaurant, the film co-op, the shops, the freaks who are concerned about the area they have chosen to live in, and intend to LIVE there with one another on and off the street despite the harassment of the local and imported SPG Piggies. And of course there's the Klaxon used to warn the community of impending intrusion by our boys in blue.

Sunny Monday afternoon down the Crescent people out on the streets boppin' around listening to the Global Village Trucking Co playing away when the klaxon goes and piggies arrive. About 40 of them move about pushing and hustling people and go up to the stage, words with the band. It's a bizarre sight having a band stop one by one as they are lifted off the stage and plopped into vans and took away. People start shouting and demanding who the fuck were they busting anyway. They were pushed about, of course they were not answered, shouted at, punched, kicked and bashed.

Off go the pigs to the shop followed by the crowd. On arrival at the cop shop again their demands to see the people who were busted (14 of them) were refused and more people were busted; one guy who was taking a tea tray into the nick was hassled by the pigs, refused entry and thumped, so the tea went all over the place including covering a piggie trouser so Jim the tea boy was arrested for assault. Presimably with a cup of tea. Altogether 20 people were arrested.

Later the wonders of technology saw the action replay in living video and it was suggested that it was time for the barricades to go up in the Crescent. Maybe our first no-go area?

# IT'S FLOGGO TIME





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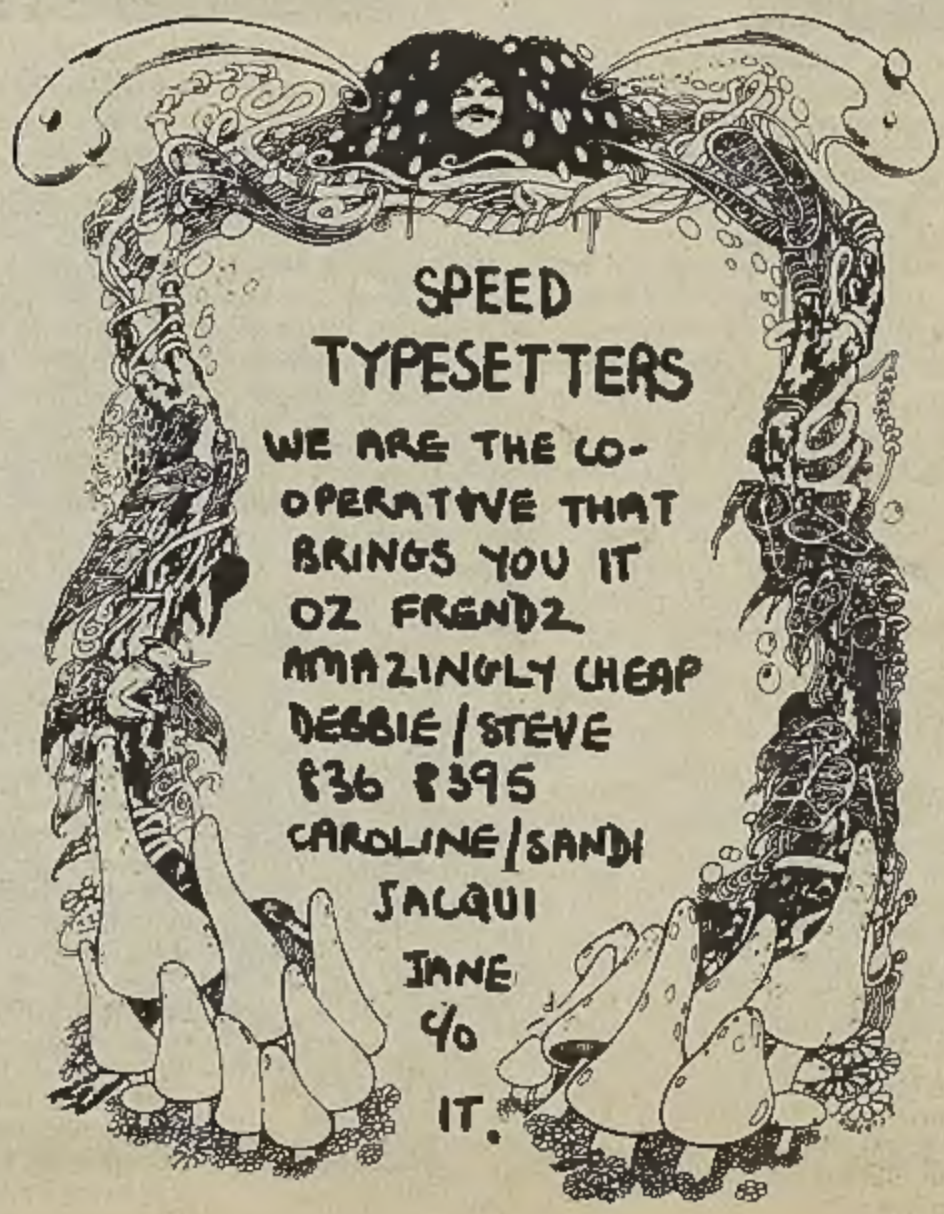
**GLF** 10p.

**APOLOGY:**

**Itmail would like to say to all those customers awaiting their orders for records that supplies are coming through, slowly, and all orders will be filled as soon as possible. Please be patient with us, there's been a lot of rip-offs and confusion involved in setting up this mail order service, and we are getting it together. Love, Brenda Anderson.**

## PATCHES

**GREEN/YELLOW butterfly to applique (approx 3" wingspan).** 28p.




LAID BY DEBBIE




Glum news for those million TV commercial housewives who every day, pick up a tin of beans and say "Beanz meanz Heinz". Research just carried out at the department of gastro-enterology of the Central Middlesex Hospital showed that of three tested diets, the one with 20 per cent baked beanz caused patients twice as much windz as the others. (S.Times).

**Lecturing on the dangers of drugs at a California university, a health official passed around a marijuana cigarette and a loaded hypodermic and was arrested for possession by a student who is a reserve policeman. (D.Mail).**



Also from England comes the tale of one Joseph Begley of the village of Evesham who saved up 2,000 cigarette coupons and mailed them to a British fag firm for a watch. When the ticker failed to arrive, Begley wrote an indignant letter to the company. By return mail he received not one watch but three. Being an honest sort Joseph returned the extra two. The next day, 10 parcels arrived, then 18 more followed by another 10. Included in the loot was three tape recorders, a doll, a golf bag, two electric blankets, a cot, saucepans, long-playing records and a pressure-cooker. When the post office phoned to say that there was another batch of parcels waiting for him, Begley wrote the company an even longer letter asking them to halt the harvest. The company replied that the deluge was a "computer error" and gave Joe 10,000 coupons for his honesty with which he ordered tools and a bed-spread. He received a plant stand and the stepladders.

Experienced eater required as cook for small coastal restaurant aspiring best English country house cooking. Garden, books, sailing available. Might suit buoyant ex-service husband-wife combo—Box 1425, The Times.

**"A lot of Catholics figure that a priest is stuck with celibacy so he might as well enjoy his booze," says Father Gavin Griffin, a member of a Catholic committee that estimates that one tenth of all American priests are alcoholics. (D.Mail).**



**Happiness, a new board game introduced at the American toy fair, was said by its makers to "accurately reflect and promote the drive for self improvement." The three dimentional board is divided into six areas, representing love, friendship, faith, money, knowledge and health. Players aim to get rid of their "assigned hang-ups". The first to complete the rainbow ladder of success wins happiness. Moreover, in keeping with the spirit of the thing, players can win points for helping their rivals reach the top of the ladder.**

A security policeman said at an inquest that he had tried to prevent an Indian detainee from throwing himself to death from the window of the Johannesburg police headquarters, but had tripped over a chair. "In my efforts to stop him I fell over one of the chairs", Sgt. J.A.Rodriques said. "When I picked myself up, I went to the window, looked out, and saw the Indian lying below." The inquest was on an Indian school teacher, Mr. Ahmed Timol, aged 30, who fell to his death from a tenth floor window on October 27 last year, five days after he had been detained in connection with alleged Communist activities. (Guardian).

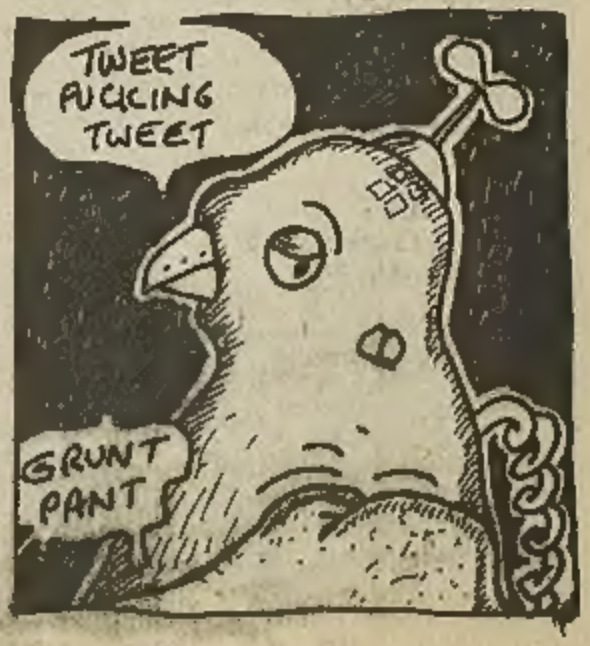
A rare white turkey was found wandering on Oakley Square, Euston, London yesterday. It was taken to a police station while attempts were made to trace the owner. (D.Mail).

**Angry warriors shot arrows into a crowd of 5,000 after losing an international singing contest in New Guinea. No one was hurt. (D.Mirror)**

**Advert in the Times: "Tutankhmun—she could have shaken hands with him. Genuine mummified woman's hand, circa 1000 B.C. Cut off at wrist by tomb robbers. Perfect condition. Unique. Offers ....."**

Householders in Sussex have been warned by police of beware of the casual door-to-door salesmen who charge "extortionate amounts." (E.Standard).

**The electronic budgerigar invented by Dr.Mirza Berlas has been modified to include a device known as the Lovers Charmer. "By using the extension lead in a special socket and two flexible wires held in the fingers the seet tweet of the budgerigar can only be heard while kissing or touching the body of the other partner vehemently."**








IT HAS BEEN common knowledge amongst the ruling classes for some years now that England is divided into two distinct parts. In the South the living is easy, the air clean, and people make their money in a civilised manner, untainted by calloused palms or grubby fingernails. Naturally they feel sorry for their Northern counterparts but really, shouldn't they know better? After all, even Julius Caesar believed that this green and pleasant land stopped at St.Albans and that the Picts, Scots and Brigantes were misbegotten madmen best left to their woad.

The working man, however, has other ideas about the tribes of the North, ideas that have lately been more firmly entrenched by that select school of writers who made it fashionable to have a miner for your dad, and to be buried courtesy of the Co-op. He recognises in every Jock and Geordie a potential stalwart of the worker's revolution a man who'll pay, punch and picket for the Cause. Mind you, since the coming of the Cause has long been delayed by one thing and another, his visions of these men or iron may perhaps be a little jaded.

Governments for generations have bewailed the suspicion, apprehension, and idleness of the British working man, and have at the same time shrugged off their own responsibility in causing this when first they tried to starve people into submission. Northerners produced the original Luddites those optimistic workers who were determined to stop the Industrial Revolution by smashing all the machines they could find and have always formed the backbone of the Trade Union movement. The last time they were tested was during the General Strike, and since then, because of a lack of any deserving cause, they have drifted back into their traditional role as the underdogs of the nation. This is more understandable, however, since the Trade Union movement itself suddenly seems to have become part of the Establishment, more intent on the after-dinner brandy than the fate of its rank-and-file membership.

DESPITE THIS ingrained pretence at socialism, Northerners are hardly revolutionaries. It is estimated that some 20% of the working class still vote Tory, and a Hippies Guidebook would almost certainly label them rednecks or hard-hats. Their main characteristic is insularity and the coal-in-the-bathtub comedy of the music-hall still applies their suspicion of the gaffer and the Government extends to any other possible instrument of change. It comes as some surprise, then, that set against this backcloth of solid acceptance of the traditional hierarchy, and the traditional weapons with which to fight it, there are stirrings of insurrection in the working-class movement.

The reasons behind this sudden change of heart concern the Unions and the Government—or, rather, the increasing problems of how to tell them apart. At one time, a Union executive was extremely sensitive to the wishes of the grassroots membership -he had no other choice if he wanted to retain his job but in the apathy and inactivity of the post-war boom period, the Union official became more and more entrenched. Communications between Executive and Shop Stewards have currently all but broken down, and the consequent tension and frustration amongst the workers has been released in a spate of lightening and wildcat strikes in many branches of industry. The Union hierarchy have been startled by the propaganda backlash in the press, and have tried to make amends as usual they have been overtaken by the course of events, in this case massive unemployment and an extra-repressive Government. They have found that they have completely lost the faith of their members, who prefer to turn to their convenor at local level and bypass the Union entirely.

As might be expected, in the face of the Industrial Relations Act the workers once again turned to the ancient weapons at its disposal—strikes, work-to-rules and overtime bans but found them to be hopelessly outmoded by the new blitzkreig policy on industrial relations brought in by the Government. The Unions have once again tried to shrug off their lethargy and have sided with their members in trying to force a showdown with the powers-that-be. But even before all this could actually happen, small groups of people all over the North of England were brought to the same strategic conclusion by very different paths.

PERHAPS THE first signs of disillusionment came with the Pilkingtons strike in 1970, which was organised and directed from the factory itself, rather than as a part of national policy. St.Helens is still strictly the playground of the Pilkington family, where paternalism is thought to be a god rather than the outdated leftovers of feudalism. This strike, and the associated police activity resulted in more than the usual degree of bitterness and ill-feeling, and the workers involved in the fight gradually became more and more dissatisfied with the lack of interest shown by their Union. Eventually a breakaway union was formed, and retaliation by the company was both quickly and drastically put into effect. Pilkingtons sacked as many of the ringleaders of the new union as they could identify, and in the increased tension that followed the workers appealed to the TUC for support -only to find that help was to be denied.

Similar activity followed this initial confrontation, but seldom invited anything more than the odd raised eyebrow until, that is, the workers took over Upper Clyde Shipbuilders. It was probably at this stage that the powers-that-be began to put two and two together, for again the confrontation on the Clyde was brought about by local pressure rather than the traditional leaders in the established Unions. Here, too, the confrontation was far more dramatic the workforce took over the property of the company which employed them, and declared that they had a right to work. Now it may seem odd that people should actually want to work so much that they are prepared for a show-down with all the forces of 'law and-order', but Government circles were apparently so impressed by the sincerity of the people concerned that they took no action whatsoever. The official Trade Union movement were quick to identify with the struggle, and the more liberal writers

ALL THIS industrial confrontation has one peculiar feature that is, it closely follows the principle philosophy of the Communist Party - that the workers should control the means of production. Mind you, if you were to call an 'average Sheffield steelworker' a communist you would almost certainly end up on the floor. Even in the immediate area of the steelworks, Brightside, where the houses are in keen competition in the race to see which can fall down first, there are more pubs than paid-up Party members. At the last local elections, where almost anybody with a head and the required number of limbs can run a good race against the traditional parties, the Communists barely made double figures.

So you can't blame it on the Commies -who can you blame it on? The answer? Your guess is as good as mine. From here on it seems that inherent anarchy of all factory workers- people who are used to carrying the management on their backs is coming to a head, unaided and unabetted by any coherent political doctrine. They just seem fed up with the present situation, and willing to try any method to change it. At River Don the labour force have changed from quiet, law-abiding citizens into a frightened mass of neo-Luddites. Only this time, instead of trying to smash the machines, they are intent on guarding them against all-comers. The principle of a right to work has been extended to a feeling that the machine you operate is yours by right, and not a commodity to be bought and bartered by the company bosses.



## CONTEMPT SENTENCES OVERTURNED

**CHICAGO (LNS)** The Conspiracy 8 Rennie Davis, Abbie Hoffman, Bobby Seale, Dave Dellinger, Jerry Rubin, John Froines, Tom Hayden and Lee Weiner and their lawyers–William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass had their contempt sentences overturned A three judge panel ruled on May 11 that the sentences–which ranged from over four years to two months and 18 days were illegal, a judge



should either impose a contempt sentence immedately or it should be done after the trial is over by another judge. Furthermore sentences of over six months entitle the defendants to a jury trial on the contempt charges.

What the recent decision means is that the Chicago 9 and their lawyers are entitled to a new trial on their contempt charges. If it's expected that they'll be sentenced to over six months they must have a jury trial; if not, they must be given a judge who hasn't already expressed a viewpoint on the case which may be hard to find.

--Georgia Straight/UPS

## BOMB BLASTS U.S. ARMY HQ EUROPE

**HEIDELBERG (LNS).** At 6 10 on the evening of May 24 two large bombs exploded inside Campbell Barracks, the HQ of the US Army-Europe One captain, one Specialist 7 and one Specialist 5 are known dead. Another person may have been killed. Three soldiers and two army wives were slightly wounded.

Since an explosion which killed a Lieutenant Colonel at another US base in Frankfurt earlier this month, army posts in West Germany have been under tight security. Therefore military personnel do not exclude the possibility that the latest bombs were placed on post with the assistance of GIs.

It is certain that the bombs were timed to explode after most personnel had left the post. Campbell Barracks is only the headquarters unit it has no residential barracks.

GI reaction to the bombing was mixed. As to the captain, some GIs said "one pig less." And few of them seemed to be too sorry about the Specialist 7 (another lifer) either.

## OUR ACTING DIRECTOR OF THE FBI ON TAKING OFFICE

"I follow a man in this office of legendary stature John Edgar Hoover founded and built the finest investigative agency in the world For nearly half a century his name and that of the FBI have been almost synonymous. Its efficienty, its integrity and its esprit de corps have earned it the long-standing respect and appreciation of the American people

His critics try to give the impression that J. Edgar Hoover's power was a threat to American freedom Far from fearing J Edgar Hoover as a threat to freedom, the American people had every reason to be profoundly satisfied that this position was occupied by a man of his self-restraint and his understanding of democratic principles

Finally, at this historic changing of the guard the first in nearly a half



a century–it is important for me to give some assurances of faith

I believe in t he United States of America, not only as a nation and a people, but as an ideal that has helped to re-shape the world I believe that it is possible for popular government to protect itself from overthrow without denying basic freedoms, and I consider that one of the principal responsibilities of the FBI and its Director is to prove that this can be done."

–L.Patrick Gray, acting Director of FBI

## BOMB BLAST SHAKES PENTAGON: WEATHER UNDERGROUND RELEASES COMMUNIQUE

**NEW YORK (LNS).** - At 12.59 Friday morning, May 19, a powerful explosive device damaged a section of the Pentagon. The Washington Post had received a phone call



17 minutes earlier warning that the bomb would go off The caller identified himself as a member of the Weather underground.

The bomb exploded in a rest room on the fourth floor, shattering plumbing, causing a ceiling to cave in, knocking a 30-foot section of wall into a hallway, and breaking windows in adjoining offices No one was injured.

The Air Force Data Services center located on the first floor received by far the c ostliest damage. The center houses millions of dollars worth of computerequipment It began to be flooded at about two in the morning when water from broken pipes and Pentagon fire department equipment cascaded through the ceiling. All computer operations were halted. Extensive damage was done to computer equipment power lines in the center and to the adjoining tape library containing highly classified defense and security information

Pentagon officials have attempted to minimize the extent of damage to the computer and records sections.

The bombing took place following a week of People's Lobby protest demonstrations in Washington On Monday May 22, the next working day at the Pentagon, a People's Blockade of the defense headquarters turned into a bloody confrontation between demonstrators and police, and resulted in 225 arrests.

The following communique was issued by the Weather underground shortly after the explosion Friday morning

Wea ther underground, No 12, May 19, 1972, the 82nd anniversary of the birth of Ho Chi Minh.

*"Nothing is more precious than independence and freedom and we would rather sacrifice all than lose our country and live as slaves"–Ho Chi Minh.*

Today we attack the Pentagon, the center of the American military command We are acting at a time when growing US air and naval shellings are being carried out against the Vietnamese, while US mines and warships are used to blockade the harbours of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, while plans for even more escalations are being made in Washington

Vietnam is one country and one people. As one people, they trace the roots of their resistance back to the first independence struggle led by the Trung sisters. As one people they defeated the Japanese occupying force and their Vichy French allies in 1945. As one people they defeated the French occupation troops in 1954 at Dien Bien Phu And as one people they have stood up to the attempts of the United States to subjugate them

A people united with a vision of independence and liberty are a powerful human force, they can be bombed and killed and their progress can be slowed, but they can never be f ully enslaved. This is why in Vietnam the people are still able to resist with such strength, even after a series of aggressive military strategies special war, limited war, large scale air attacks–have been unleashed against them The vision of a free Vietnam is more compelling than fear of more US reprisals.

From a bomb shelter in Hanoi a few days ago, a Vietnamese told an American reporter, "Nixon cannot understand as .. we have anticipated the worst a nd have all the means to face it Ho Chi Minh said that Hanoi, Haiphong and other cities would be destroyed but that we could not be defeated he predicted it."

Once again the white man calculates that it is worth the cost because the bodies aren't white And Asian is turned against Asian by the manipulation of a foreign power.

The world has been changed forever by the struggle in Vietnam. Despite all the US bombs, all the vicious escalation, all the criminal acts of this government, the people of Vietnam continue to fight, continue to build their society.

These are the people we are taught to hate. Look into their eyes, see how they raise their children, how they greet one another. Read their songs and poetry. Reflect on how they face t his terrible war machine, how they transform bomb craters into fish hatcheries, how youth brigades mobilize to rebuild bridges and roads as quickly as they are bombed. Try to understand how they persevere.

There is a difference between Richard Nixon and Hô Chi Minh, William Porter and Madame Binh, Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho. Nixon may be murdering for his pride and power but the Vietnamese are fighting to be free and to live as human beings in a different kind of world. And because of this, the eyes of people from every land are focussed on Vietnam."

## JERRY RUBIN EXPLAINS SUPPORT OF McGOVERN

The following are excerpts from a phone conversation with Jerry Rubin in which



he explains why he and Abbie Hoffman have decided to endorse George McGovern for President. Rubin and Hoffman were two of the str eet leaders of the demonstrations at the 1968 Democratic Con-




vention in Chicago and were later defendants in the conspiracy trial which followed. Rubin was speaking on the phone from New York to Thorne Dreyer of Space City, the alternative peper in Houston, Texas.

"We feel the Nixon administration is just disasterous for everybody and is leading us to genocide ecological and human genocide and that we really have to defeat Nixon. .Humphrey and Muskie are just the Democrats' versions of Nixon, and we certainly don't want another Humphrey-Nixon race. The only candidate we're supporting is McGovern.

"McGovern has said that he would get every American soldier and every piece of American equipment out of Vietnam within 90 days after being elected. McGovern is represented by grass roots people across the country and McGovern is running an honest campaign. So, McGovern is coming across as a left wing candidate.

"By supporting McGovern, we're contributing to the defeat of the traditional Democratic Party and Republican Party. And we're giving the electoral system sort of one more test .. We're organising people around McGovern based on his stands on the issues. We have no illusions about McGovern. Any politician put in certain situations is gonna sell out gonna become corrupt– and that may happen to McGovern too.

"And if McGovern should by luck get elected, we'll be on the other side of the street .. We're gonna be watching very carefully what he does, because he would be the representative of corporate capitalism and he would be commander-in-chief of the armed forces.

"But if we all unite, we could give a stinging defeat to Nixon and Humphrey and Muskie and put our candidate in office. And McGovern will then know that he was put into office by us, he'll be responsible to us and maybe, maybe there's some hope of thanging this country at least of ending the war in Vietnam which has gone on TOO LONG for human beings to bear.

"We don't throw our support totally behind McGovern–but in a battle between McGovern and Nixon, there's just no choice. And the left has to survive in this country. I think more people will listen to us The Yippies if we're involved in a campaign–than if we're just on the sidelines saying the whole thing's a phony the whole thing's a sham... We've gotten some flak (from some people on the left) but that's okay It'll just get people talking.

"And if McGovern is not nominated in Miami if they have the audacity, the nerve to nominate Humphrey or Muskie or someone like that then it'll be a deep revolutionizing, radicalizing experience for young people and will just furt her deepen the contradictions in the country."

Georgia Straight/UPS

## "THEY DO IT IN VIETNAM, ALL OVER THE WORLD!" GREEN BERETS INVADE NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO (LNS):– "We come among you not for your injury, but for your benefit." When US General Stephen Kearny first invaded the Mexican State of New Mexico in 1921, he followed the Santa Fe Trail down into the territory, uttering those words along the way And now, in the true spirit of their ancestors, the Green Berets have set out to invade New Mexico The Green Berets, set up by President John Kennedy, have made headlines around the world with their counter-insurgency operations in Vietnam and Latin America.

It is slightly different now, though. The plan is for the Green Berets to get their basic medical training along the Trail, using poor Chicano and Indian families as guinea pigs. Men will be parachuted into San Miguel County's mountains where they will round up poor people and examine them as part of their Special Forces "medical training."

"If someone cuts himself rea. bad, why, they can patch him up", explained Sgt John P Pardieu, the US Army recruiting officer in Las Vegas, and the man who dreamed up the idea. "And the community can see the people who are (sic) protecting them, these Special Forces. You can sleep better at night, as the saying goes."

## WHAT IS MGM DOING IN SOUTH AFRICA, OR WHO'S REALLY GETTING THE SHAFT?

LOS ANGELES (LNS):– With all the hullaballoo about Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer taking on a collision course with its directors and producers, and getting its fi ngers into diverse areas of "entertainment" (from hotels in Las Vegas to $48,000,000 foreign made cruise ships), we would like to bring your attention to another business venture little talked about within the hallowed halls of MGM.

MGM, a company which two years ago this past Christmas dumped 58% of its employees on the unemployment line, announced on November 8 1971 its formation of a new company–MGM/Film Trust Theaters This new company is a result of a merger between MGM's South African theater operations and Film Trust Pty Ltd. of Johannesburg. It was developed to operate existing leaseholds and to expand to 26 or more new first run theaters in South Africa. MGM has also just added two new theaters in Capetown and Durban, two cities where Black Africans and Coloureds are not allowed after dark, and where they are required to carry identification

Another seven theaters will open by the end of 1972, theaters that will be segregated by race, and which will maintain the corrupt policy of apartheid, a policy where in a short period of four years according to Africa Research Group, 130 films have been banned because they showed aspects of racial equality and desegregation

This apartheid policy is based on racism carried to such idiotic extents, that, for example, in the interest of white supremacy, white censors deleted pictures of Yul Bryner embracing Deborah Kerr in promotional pictures for "The King and I", with the hope of supressing the idea of desegregation from the Asian populace in South Africa

MGM can only help to stabilize the Vorster pro-apartheid regime by driving large amounts of American dollars into white South Africa, helping in its development through government taxes on percentages of income and profit, and if MGM does nothing to alter the situation, by supporting the policies of segregation.

MGM is one among many American e ntertainment corporations (Warner Bros., 20th Century Fox, United Artists, etc), which have bases in South Africa.



"Oh yes, Abbie is a fucked up cat, but, at one time, I think he was a down home freak. He ... thought that he could outsmart the capitalists in their own game without getting scratched. In fact, they destroyed him and Rubin too." Isak Haber.

# THE ASSASSINATION AND PERSECUTION OF ABBIE HOFFMAN AS PERFORMED BY THE MOVEMENT, ROLLING STONE, AND THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

by CRAIG PYES

**NEW YORK (SDN)—This is the year the government, the press, and the Movement hate Abbie Hoffman. Not since such venerable outcasts as Leon Trotsky and Liu Shao-chi has one individual brought down the wrath of so many. While most of the white Conspiracy males have had their share of trouble, Abbie has had double trouble—enough, in fact, to force him into seclusion**

People are ready to believe anything about Abbie

Every time Abbie leaves New York, he is required to report to the U.S Deputy Marshall in Chicago and also, on certain occasions, to the U S Attorney in Washington. After the last deportation from England, Abbie can no longer travel out of the country. And any place within the U.S he goes, harassment by the FBI goes with him But Abbie's new policy of isolation has nothing to do with the FBI they know about him anyway. Rather, Abbie and his family are trying to escape from the press and the Movement.

* * * *

It is hard to say what specifically brought the walls down on Abbie. But in a period when virtually all of the Movement's support went to Third World Revolutionary Vanguards, Abbie had the temerity to suggest that white youth should also combat their own cultural oppression. The Movement called him racist Hardhats labelled him a traitor to his country, and the Communist Party said that Abbie's actions only alienated the working class.

Abbie was born thirty-five years ago in Worcester, Massachusetts, known as "The Home of The Pill." Many Worcester citizens regret the pill was invented after Abbie had already been born—"Otherwise we might have prevented *him*."

For thirteen years now, Abbie has been in the Movement in 1960 he dropped out of Berkeley grad school, in 1964 he joined SNCC and went to Mississippi, and in 1967 he moved to New York to open Liberty House for the Poor Peoples Corporation. When Liberty House reverted to all-black management, he dropped out into "street theatre" and advocated that white middle class youth seek the roots of their own oppression From there, Abbie helped found the "Diggers", the New York Community Free Store, and the "politicized hippie," which six months later became Yippie.

In 1968 he was busted at Columbia along with twenty-two other people. The charges were dropped on everyone but Abbie, who wound up pleading guilty to being in a building he has never seen the interior of to this day, and paying a $1,000 fine.

Abbie has been beaten on three occasions by New York City police inside police stations, clubbed unconscious in the Grand Central Station Yip-In, beaten again in the Center Street Courthouse, given hepatitis through an injection with a dirty needle in the Washington DC jail, and beaten again by DC police during Mayday. This last attack



"MY LIFE ....

resulted in a fractured back, twenty stitches in the head and face, and a broken nose.

From his street theatre days in 1967, Abbie understood the importance of myth in propelling revolutionary consciousness, more importantly, he understood the role of "image" in giving form to "myth." What was missing from Yippie was the "analysis" encasing myth and image.

Ever since the Yippies burned money outside the Stock Exchange, the most pervasive myth has been that Abbie is wealthy It was not a myth that the "Myth Maker" tried to perpetuate, it was just a stigma used to discredit him. All anyone needed to say was, "Oh, he's just in it for the



money." And it appeared that he had money to burn.

The Left criticized his action on the basis that instead of burning money in the Stock Exchange, he should have burned the Stock Exchange.

When *Rolling Stone* published Izak Haber's "How Abbie Hoffman Stole *Steal This Book*" (an article the magazine knew had little or no truth in it) parts of the accusation were echoed in all the underground catacombs of the alternative press, as well as most of the straight media. "I'm asked if Abbie stole *Steal This Book* on every campus I go to," said Jerry Rubin. "But it's always the Movement groups that quote the article back to me *verbatim*."

"It's a natural," answered Abbie, as Yippie chapters from De Bary to Boise called to get the lowdown on the charges. "It's a natural, I stole *Steal This Book*. Why didn't *I* think of that?" And then he sat back on the couch and waited for the phone to ring with the next piece of bad news.

As a public figure, everything Abbie says is subjected to the laws of controversy. The technological amplification of the media has rewritten Newton's Third Law of motion: for any action there is an opposite and *unequal* reaction. And when the statements concerned involve principles of revolution, the reaction is even greater.

For Abbie at present, there are two choices: isolation or immersion. After years of immersion, he has chosen isolation.

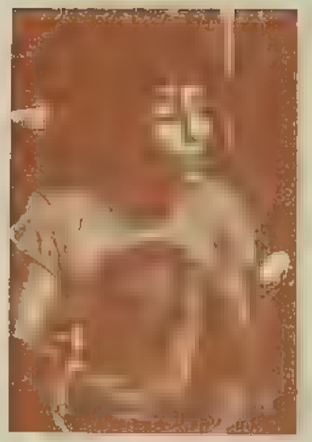
"People have attacked us for not living in a commune, but in New York that's pretty hard. And not many people can understand the incredible security problems I have. Dig this: I have about six really close friends. Of those six, two have been fingered to me by various people from time to time as police agents. I doubt it. But the kind of awareness you have to develop to keep from being entrapped while maintaining a genuine openness is very tricky."

In this case, the reaction is reactionaries. While many Movement groups simply dismissed Abbie Hoffman as some vaudevillian prankster, the government has taken him seriously.

The FBI has long had a policy of following him, recording his speeches, and wiretapping his phones. Not long ago the government's claim that it had a right to wiretap him without obtaining a judge's permission was overruled in court. The government had admitted to five wiretaps, and the court ruled four of them illegal. The government is appealing this decision.

In other hearings it came out that Abbie is under surveillance by at least four separate agencies.

The FBI alone has "nailed" Abbie a total of five times. On their last visit, shortly after Mayday, they photographed each page of his address book and bragged that they had seen his handwriting many times before. Abbie took this as a somewhat less than veiled reference to opening his letters.



WITH MY CHARACTER ....

**For someone who has nicknamed himself "Free," the contrary is proving true.**

Travel is out of the question now. Abbie risks imprisonment any time he enters Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Alabama, and possibly Arizona. He has been deported from Canada twice (once for "moral turpitude") and from England once (accused of conspiring to blow up Queens College in Belfast, Occupied Ireland). In Oklahoma, there used to be a specific anti-Abbie law prohibiting him from speaking there, but the ACLU fought the law for a year and finally won. When Abbie went to speak, the speech was used to indict him for Mayday, where he now faces a possible ten-year sentence.

Not long ago, Abbie wrote: "I'm broke. We have less than $1500. The government is screaming for $8700 in taxes for the money I gave the Chicago Conspiracy. Problems are developing on distributing *Steal This Book*. Meanwhile, every week a new article appears about how rich we are. But it was the *Rolling Stone* article that really did it. This made us realize how famous I was and how absurd the whole trip really is."

At the same time, the IRS, under pressure from Illinois Congressman Roman Pucinski, began an intensive investigation into Abbie's background, assessing him close to $5,000 in back taxes accrued by Liberty House. Abbie had not been an active member of the Board of Directors for two years, but no one had ever bothered to remove his name.

MGM gave Abbie $25,000 for *Revolution For the Hell of It*, which he put up as bail collateral for the New York Twenty-One's Richard Dharuba Moore. Abbie had the cheque a total of four hours before endorsing it over to Dharuba. Now the government has it, because Dharuba jumped bail.

If Abbie is in it for money, he needs a better business manager.

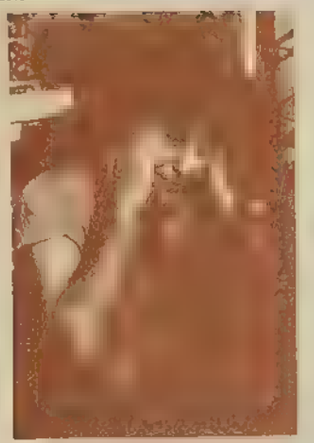
The quickest way to discredit the revolution is to discredit the symbols of that revolution, and the quickest way to do that is to reinforce the suspicion that has been inculcated into everyone's mind: revolutionaries are only in it for themselves.

Abbie, Anita, and America live in a $150-a-month, three room, rent-controlled ten percent slum-toxic-lead-in-the-paint apartment, situated on the thirteenth floor of an industrial building. The apartment had been previously rented by ecologist Keith Lampe. Back then, no one thought of it as a penthouse. But people weren't attacking the ecology movement, either.





**"The current trend is very much like the purges that followed the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution. The only thing that has been left out is the Revolution."**



....ASSASSINATION?

When Abbie was in England, at the risk of bail revocation, he went to see Richard Neville of *Oz* to help Neville raise money for his trial. While Abbie was there, Neville had in his possession the story by Izak Haber alleging that Abbie stole *Steal This Book*. (*). But Neville never informed Abbie of this. When Abbie left England, Neville published Haber's piece in *Oz*.

In the story Haber alleged that *Steal This Book* had been his idea and that he had done much of the writing. In addition, Haber charged Abbie with a number of indiscretions, viciously attacked Anita, and described their lifestyle as luxurious, giving the impression that they live in a large penthouse.

Haber now claimed that Abbie and Jerry Rubin were the masterminds of the organization, implying that the Weathermen were their dupes. This was a rather odd position for Haber, who declares himself in sympathy with his Weathermen "brothers and sisters."

After publication, when Abbie called about the promise of equal space, he was now refused that also, though they told him he could reply by letter. So both Abbie and Anita wrote letters that were reprinted in full, but above them editorial italics claimed that when offered equal space, the Hoffmans had only sent letters.

All the evidence indicates that Haber's claims are fabrications. The original idea first appeared in a book titled *Fuck the System*, published anonymously in 1967. Upon close examination of the *Steal This Book* manuscript, *Sundance* editors found Abbie's claims of authorship to be substantiated.

A friend of Haber's who had collaborated with him on an article that was published in the *Berkeley Barb* (before the *RS* article) wrote Abbie that all the time they were working on it, Haber "never said shit about you having stolen the book from him. He told me that he did the field testing on it and you did the writing."

Haber is now trying to get a book contract. In his desperate attempts at self-promotion, Haber seems to have no trouble finding accomplices. The entire episode is reminiscent of AJ Weberman's attacks on Dylan, in which Weberman made a name for himself at Dylan's expense. Haber's Hoffmanology, like Weberman's Dylanology, is based upon grotesque fantasy and untruth.

Abbie's problems came at a time when the Movement was undergoing massive internal paroxysms over sexism and elitism. Movement neophytes, women, rank and file, discovered that much of the oppression they experience in American society was carried over into the Movement too. Thus they began to dismiss the Conspiracy men as "pigs." While the charges against "white, male leadership" were deserved, they often degenerated into personal diatribes.

This is part of a common pattern. In the process of de-conditioning itself from the old society while struggling to create a new one, the Movement first tends to over-react, then settles down to work out the problems. First it was the scourge of racism, then imperialism, then liberalism, and now sexism: each progressing in waves of catharsis, exorcism, and purgatory in the rush to self-discovery.

The present wave of judgement inspired one observer to remark, "The current trend is much like the purges that followed the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution. The only thing that has been left out is the revolution!"

A few weeks ago, on the same day that Abbie came back to New York for a short visit, Haber returned from a trip to Africa, and Forcade announced he was going to sue Abbie again.

"I don't believe this is happening to me," Abbie said. "This is *shanda* for the *goniffs*!"

**(reprinted from San Francisco's Sundance magazine).**

*(*) Neville, in fact, denies being in possession of the Haber article during Abbie's visit. Haber actually arrived some weeks later. Ed.*



Evil's Aberoptic Nerve

I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY."

# LICK DICK IN '72

*"So go to bat for the Cat in the Hat!*
*He's the cat who knows where it's at!*
*With Tricks and Voom and Things like that!*
*Go! Go! The Cat in the Hat!"*
**—Robert Coover, "The Cat in the Hat for President"**

*"The great masses of the people will more easily fall victim to a big lie than a small one."*
**—A. Hitler, "Mein Kampf"**

Every four years, on the first Tuesday following the first Monday in November, they close the bars and, in agony and relief, the American people go to the polls to elect themselves a President. It is the culmination of a months-long mass public enema known as the Presidential Campaign, the low road run for the White House, the American Melodrama.

An electoral process which is uniquely American, its complexities are equaled only by its mindless banalities. How does one begin to describe or hope to make sense of this quadrennial goon show which is part frenzy, part whoopie, and mostly bullshit? It is a circus complete with snake charmers, vanishing acts, clowns, barkers, sleight-of-hand artists, hucksters, jugglers and people whose sole function is to scoop behind the elephants picking up the slops. And yet it is deadly serious, because the hoob who survives it all to snatch the flag in November gets to carry the "football" for the next four years, the little black briefcase which contains the keys to all the banks and the codes to all the bombs. It is a disheartening thing to contemplate. It is democracy in action.

H.L. Mencken once said that no one has ever failed to make a buck by underestimating the intelligence of the American people. The same could be said about running for President. In 1952, Adlai Stevenson campaigned under the slogan "Talk sense to the American people." He was subsequently ground to sausage by smiling like whose specialities were golf and gobberish. But then how is it possible to talk sense in an election campaign that lasts for months, encompasses numerous state primaries and two frenzied, hysterial national conventions, slips and slides across the entire spectrum of political opinion and thought, gobbles money like it was going out of style, and smokes crazies out of the woodwork, who are armed for bear and shoot to kill? The road to the White House is paved with broken promises and littered with the parched bones of both good men and fools.

So what is the point of this bewildering national spectacle and what does it accomplish? You may well ask, especially when you consider that in the end 8000 dead bodies from the graveyards of Cook County in Illinois can steal an election, or that such a character as LBJ, the mad bomber of the Pecos, could win the greatest landslide victory in American history by fingering his opponent as a reckless gunslinger. And then there was 1968, the year of the bullet, when the electoral process heaved and lurched and staggered through all manner of psychic paroxysms only to throw up its hands in the end and leave Richard Nixon, the slap-happy retread, as king of the hill, the man who swore up and down that he had a secret plan to end the war in Vietnam, but whenever he was asked to spell it out replied that he couldn't do that because after all it *was* a secret, and besides he had left the plan at home in the pocket of his other pair of pants.

And what of 1972, the year of George McGovern and the "New Politics"? Before attempting to make any sense or distinctions between "Old" and "New" politics in America, it might, perhaps, be helpful to point out one or two things about the process of electing a President in the United States. But then, it might only add to the confusion about what the hell goes down over there. Never mind. Here goes.

Politically, America is a sink-hole of prejudices politely described as "special interest groups". That is to say, a bewildering collection of ethnics, breeds, hicks and city slickers, haves, have-nots, old soldiers, cowboys, wheelers, dealers and stealers, all of whom have peculiar and particular bones to pick, hates to be pandered and fears to be soothed. It is impossible to imagine any candidate being able to satisfy all of them, and a truly decent and honorable man would probably alienate most of them. He most certainly could never be elected and would stand a good chance of getting himself shot from a hundred different directions. The goal, therefore, of any politician who hopes to get elected is to shoot the gaps and corral the special interests at the places where they overlap, to get the black and the red neck, the Jew and the Chinaman, the broke, the Broker and the broken under the same umbrella and keep them there long enough for the pied piper to dance them down the street into the voting booth. It is a tricky and cynical business even at the best of times, and 1972, with all its agonies and discontents, is certainly not the best of times.

To make things more confusing and difficult, an American Presidential campaign is not a short yawn of four or five weeks, as is the case in a British General Election, but a banshee scream which goes on without relief from asshole to Breakfast Time for at least nine months, beginning in the state of New Hampshire in the middle of winter, and falling, breathless, across the finish line, which stretches from coast to coast, three seasons later. Throughout this entire period, The People, in their infinite wisdom, are called upon to vote and vote and vote again, choosing delegates and delegates and still more delegates, although never directly voting for the man who will eventually become The Big Cheese, the President of the United States.

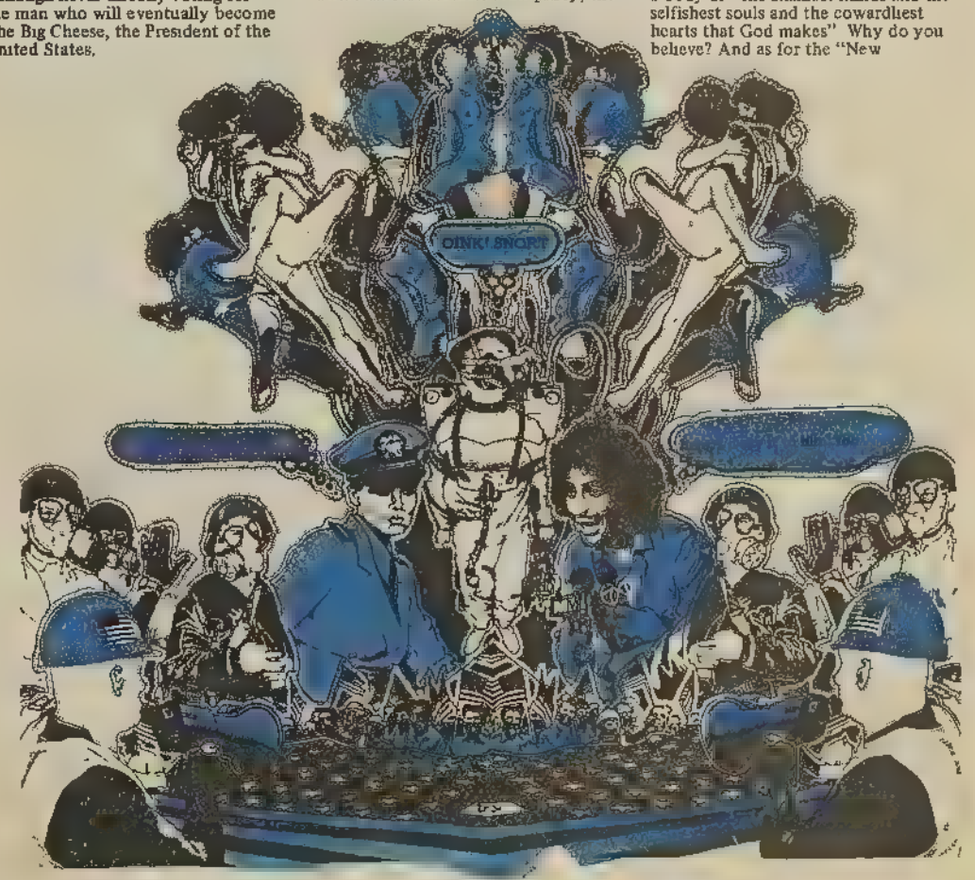
Because of this curious state of affairs, the following things can and often do occur. A single fat man in a shiny suit can control and deliver the collective voting power of thousands of individuals as he chooses. A man in pursuit of the Presidency, be he mushmouth or saint, can arrive at the National Party Conventions with a string of primary election victories as long as his arm and *not* get the nomination. A candidate standing in the General Election can out-poll his opponent in popular votes and *not* get elected. Can you dig it? Then try this on for size.

America is a democracy (Panther, Maoist, Trotskyite and Free Mason opinion to the contrary notwithstanding) based on an interesting and even profound (certainly not infallible) Constitution which sets forth the honourable and desired intention that government be of the people, by the people and for the people. Its electoral process operates under the principle of "One man, One vote". It is a noble theory which, as it is seen to be practiced in America, has led to such frustrations and despairs as the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, where Hubert Horatio Humphrey, the geriatrics' choice, kissed his television set while The People, for their troubles, got a knee in the groin. And, yet, the windbag nearly won the election in the end. Richard Nixon became the people's choice for no other reason than that they had no choice.

What do you do with a theory which, in practice, walks with such a limp? A theory which leads to Richard Nixon and his sort on the one hand and Lee Harvey Oswald on the other. For surely Oswald was the purest and simplest practitioner of the "One man, One vote" ideal. It was his looney, lonely vote, cast through the hot muzzle of a Mannlicher-Carcano Special that elected LBJ.

Which brings us, somewhat out of breath, back to George McGovern and the "New Politics."

Robert Kennedy, himself a victim of the mindless goonery that can be loosed in a Presidential campaign, once described George McGovern as "the most decent man in the United States Senate". Fair enough. But then Mark Twain, who was not a fool, described America's national Congress as a body of "the smallest minds and the selfishest souls and the cowardliest hearts that God makes". Why do you believe? And as for the "New



Politics", is it really anything more than the "Old Politics" wearing wide ties?

Senator McGovern, ex-Methodist minister and history professor from South Dakota, beloved of his wife and children (as, indeed, are all Presidential candidates with the exception of Stevenson who was divorced and we all know what happened to him) after a brief and hopeless dance with The Maiden in 1968, announced, way back in January of 1971 that he was off and running, that he intended to be "The Cat in the Hat" in 1972. Not counting Dick the Sleazer who began running for re-election the second after he was elected, McGovern became the first to declare his candidacy. There would subsequently be twelve other cats prowling the garbage cans of that particular alley, some serious, but most of them ridiculous. Anyone over the age of 35 can run. All you



Barry J

have to do is get up in a room full of journalists and make your announcement. If you shout loud enough you might even be able to get yourself on television a couple of times. For some, that is sufficient reward, after which they happily roll over and go back to sleep, an obscure footnote in American history. The serious ones this time around were, alas, the same tired old baby kissers and boneheads who have been humping it around the track for donkey's years, the most prominent being Hubert Humphrey, whose lust and craving to be President is so severe as to stink of gross perversion, and Edmund Muskie, Senator from Maine and former Vice-Presidential candidate who went down with the Humphrey ship in 1968, but did not drown. Also in the thick of the fight, until he stopped a bullet in Maryland, would be that other well-known Cat in the Hat, Governor George Wallace of Alabama, about whom it is perhaps sufficient to say that, after losing an election to a screaming segregationist some years back swore he would never be "out-niggered" again and has been as good as his word ever since. And lurking in the wings, stood Teddy Kennedy, behind a whole bag of dirty laundry that needed airing. But as they say that was in another country and besides the wench is dead.

The Hump and Muskie could be said to be the incarnation of the "Old"



Benjamin L. Bernadette L.

politics, seeking to hold together the traditional coalition of special interest groups made up of "good" blacks, dues-paying union men, old-fashioned liberal anti-communists, farmers and old folks, the old FDR coalition whose political clout over the last thirty-five years or so could be controlled and manipulated by grafting party bosses and union leaders, who hand-picked the delegates to the National Democratic Convention and "owned" the voting booths in the big cities. Thus did the old phonies hit the trail, spouting all the tired, clapped-out cliches of the past thirty years, talking out of both sides of their mouths, indeed, in the case of The Hump, out of every orifice in his body, assuming chicken-hearted postures on all the vital issues, waffling on busing and desegregation, panting and perspiring over the dreadful state of the economy and welfare for the poor, polluting the air with the garbage of their words on the issue of ecology and the environment, and, most unforgiveable of all, continuing to disgrace and dishonour themselves on the question of Vietnam.

Sporting a wide tie and longish sideburskers, and taking refuge behind washy washy platitudes and the vacuous and insipid slogan "Trust Muskie", the Senator from Maine rushed to the front of the pack and was declared the winner by all the poll-takers and opinion makers of the political establishment even before a single vote was cast in the first primary. They said he was the new Abraham Lincoln come to sooth the frustrations and discontents of the American people, when all the while he was merely "Lincolnesque". If was not good enough. After a crying jag and a dubious victory in New Hampshire, falling on his face in Florida and taking a douche in the Wisconsin primary, Edmund Muskie limped back home to sleep it off and pray for a holy miracle.

Hubert Humphrey, with his unquenchable thirst for the public spectacle of running for President, could not or would not heed the warnings. Jumping into the campaign with died black hair and flatulent glee, bouncing from coast to coast like silly putty, he pressed the flesh wherever he could find it, diddled the party bosses, and to whomever would listen, recited the old litany about how he has been for the blacks, the poor, the workers and the rest of the down-trodden since he was Mayor of Minneapolis way back in 1948.

Meanwhile the two Georges, Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside, were barreling along the radical fringes, the five per-centers, playing fast and loose with the pols and the polls, while the rest of the pack was sucking up and singing the old songs. But the smart money was still on the old farts. And why not? After all, Wallace was supposed to be nothing more than a racist runt, a spoiler, who would run under his own American Independant Party banner in the end and shoot his bolt in the old South. And McGovern? As "the most decent man in the Senate" how could he possibly be considered a threat to the old pros who knew where all the bodies were buried? He was a one-issue candidate, the anti-war candidate, the far-out, left wing loonies' candidate. He stood nowhere in the polls and the party hacks owed him no favours. His candidacy was, at best, a quixotic gesture and South Dakota carried about as much weight in the National Convention as Rhode Island. Nixon would chop him off at the knees. No sweat.

But George McGovern, while nobody was looking, had his ear to the railroad track, listening to the sound of a different drummer. While the old politicos were doing the elephant walk, McGovern and his people were organising, tapping into the motherlode of a new coalition, sniffing out the links in the chain of grievances and angushes that would unite the suburbs, the hard-pressed factory hands and the anti-war crazies in a Movement. The war, the defense budget and the tax structure would be the pillars upon which he would build his campaign. His base, although small, was rock solid. His credentials on the war were good, better than most (although it should be forever remembered that, of all the men in the United States Senate, only two, Wayne Morse of Oregon and Ernest Gruening



Barry K

of Alaska, both subsequently voted out of office, can be said to have no blood on their hands from the bastard war, for they were the only Senators who voted against the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution back in 1964. May they live a thousand years and prosper!). McGovern has declared the Vietnam war an unspeakable disgrace and has promised to take the United States out of it within 90 days of his election. He has declared, unequivocally,



that America's Defense budget is a bottomless pit and a monumental waste of the country's financial resources. In his bones he is a populist to whom massive fortunes in the hands of a few are a gross obscenity when there are so many people who are forced to bust their balls to make a buck or live on welfare which is



Barry S. Belinda S

mostly a boondoggle of corruption and dishonesty. He is also "good" on the middle-class scare topics Amnesty, Abortion and Dope. Admittedly he sucks wind a little on the busing issue, but then you can't have everything your own way. It is here, on this poisonous issue, that even McGovern feels the need to tip his hat to the slippery-slidey "Old" politics. Nevertheless, as a kind of negative plus for the man, he does not eat shit on this question to the shameful extent of Hump the Hump and the other toothless hags.

Added to McGovern's boldness on the issues, he has succeeded in opening up the Democratic Party to The People through the so-called "McGovern Rules" which were adopted by the Party following the holocaust of 1968. And it is perhaps here, more than in his radical stand on the issues, that the seeds of whatever exists of the "New" politics have been planted. The essential purpose of the seemingly endless state primary elections (23 states are going through the agonies in '72) in addition to siphoning out and discouraging the goof-off candidates by breaking them financially and revealing the foolhardiness of their hopes, is to choose the delegates who will attend the Democratic National Convention in Miami Beach. It is these delegates, casting their votes in convention, who will decide which of the hopefuls will be the official candidate of the Party in the General Election. In the past, giant blocs of delegates were bought and paid for by the old politicos and Party wheel-horses, with the result being that a ding-dong like Humphrey could get himself nominated in '68 without even running in a single primary election. The "McGovern Rules" will, hopefully, change all this by opening up the Party to the people, from the local wards and town halls to the convention floor, enabling committed novices, college boys, housewives and blacks to participate in the nominating process instead of merely casting ineffectual ballots and then going home frustrated while the power brokers do the deed and choose a nincompoop who owes his soul to the company store. Thus, and the 18 year-old vote have given a voice to McGovern's largest natural constituency, the outsiders.

So while Humphrey and Muskie were floating about in balloons filled with hot air, spewing humbug, attending bar mitzvahs and choking down pizzas and soul food in the hope of capturing the ethnics, going through the usual theatrics and venal displays in an attempt to get a hammer-lock on the political center, McGovern was down on the ground, putting lines out to what looked to be new centers of power. Being an outsider and a dark horse he was liberated from the heavy anchor of expediency and compromise, free to dare. He had nothing to lose, and with a little luck he could even succeed in raising the level of political discussion out of the sewers and cess pools where it had for so long been festering.

And he appears to have pulled it off so far, by being straight where the others are bent, by telling the voters what they need to be told not just what they want to hear and getting them to listen, without



Barry B.

"Tricks and Voom and Things like that", by daring to suggest that "more of the same" is not good enough. Coming out of nowhere he has knocked off the fatso politicos in primary after primary and in the process has collected nearly 1000 delegates to the National Convention, which puts him within sniffing distance of the nomination. The beanbags could still steal it from him, but only by an act of monumental sliminess and disgrace. For if the "New" politics means anything at all, it is that, in 1972 at least, there is a feeling across the land that somebody is actually counting The People's votes and that the votes of The People count.

But nothing stays "New" forever and in politics the aging process can take place with lightening speed. As is the case in all revolutions, the joy, the hope and the exhilaration, the "Newness", lies in the revolt itself. Once the power is grasped, the decay sets in, the beautiful, shiny machine begins to harden at the arteries, the uplifting slogans become cliches, the muscles turn to fat, the radical chic, the sycophants, the political groupies, the opportunists and the civil service deadheads climb aboard the new Ship of State and she begins to ride sluggish and low in the water. The "New" order becomes the Establishment and the stink begins to rise again as old scores are settled and new debts incurred. The circus tent is dismantled and the special interest groups corralled inside tumble out and bump into each other on the way home. The Challenger is now The Champ. See him strut. The purity of the deed can become polluted by the victory.

Even now there are signs of backsliding in the "New" politics as McGovern begins to mend his fences and "clarify" some of his positions, to come in from the cold, to become less fast and loose and more "Presidential". Fair enough. The point of the exercise is, first of all, to throw the incumbent liar out of the White House, and slimy Dick is no lollipop sucker when it comes to a political duke out. To be President of the United States is the most awesome ego-power trip in the whole world, and Richard Nixon, who is smaller than life, with a soul as curdled and befouled as rotting sour cream, does not aim to give up his glory-ride without a fight. He means to he and gouge and kick nuts until the cows come home. He dishonours the battle by his very presence on the battlefield, and no blow is too low for him to administer so long as his opponent can be made to surrender. The bloody notches on his hatchet go back twenty-five years. And in tandem with Spiro the bullet-head or John Connally, the loathsome Zen Dog from Texas, he becomes the vilest mutation of the "Old" politics. Even the "most decent man in the United States Senate" would be a fool if, given fair warning, he didn't prop his nose up a bit to help withstand the blows that will surely be aimed at it.

The national frustration and despair has, perhaps, thrust George McGovern to the front beyond his wildest dreams, but he has, so far, made his run with more dignity than most. If nothing else, that is "New".

By James Horwitz.



Barbara W. Barbara W.

# STANLEY BAKER'S BARBED WIRE CIRCUS

by RICHARD NEVILLE

If one can judge the evolution of the revolution by the progress of pop festivals, then its over and we lost. At Isle of Wight III, people were tearing down the fences as Jimi Hendrix struggled through his own obituary Thousands watched free from an adjacent hillside, others established a corridor of pot-placid communalism far away from the stage Known as Desolation Row,

which went up weeks before the music began and survived days after the last encore

At Bardney, the only breeches in the corrugated fortress were rendered by the wind, and these were rapidly repaired by co-opted Hells Angels Despite continuing pressure on Festival organisers from the Underground Press and related community groups to provide reasonable amenities Bardney again





Captain Snaps



Captain Snaps

proved that the mass of ticket holders are still treated with an indifference bordering on contempt.

At £5 per head, the people were not even provided with rudimentary shelter. What happened to the numerous dormitory marquees promised by the organisers? The answer, my friends, is blowing in the wind, which shredded all public sleeping tents, plus those earmarked for free side shows. "We didn't plan for a gale", promised those in charge, which is reminiscent of British Rail's perennial confusion over the white powdered substance which descends each winter, known as snow.

The community tents blew away because the fabric was rotten, the ropes ancient and frayed, the centre-poles soft from age and hollow from death watch beetle. The reason they were in such a state is because they were hired on the cheap. The reason they were hired on the cheap is as old as capitalism itself – power to the privileged – piss on the people. The concession tents didn't blow down. The backstage marquee for stars, press and Jack Harlech's party would have withstood a typhoon, and was cosily immune from Bardney's puffs and drizzle. It was a Tory Festival, with everyone doing their jollywell best amidst jolly bad luck and could we ask Jolly John Peel to thank the kids who have been absolutely marvellous, although no-one will ever know how many got pneumonia from sleeping wet.

The lack of basic facilities is why so many evacuated the site on the first day, reselling tickets at a loss, or why they trudged three miles each midnight to crash in the Village Church.

**It was a Tory festival in the sense that it rehabilitated the concept of hierarchies, superstardom, VIP's, and all the other paraphenalia of class society, which a genuine people's festival would strive to dismantle.**

As usual the plum position was carved out by the press enclosure, those within oblivious to the rights of those without, being compelled to sit down only by the sarcastic urgings of John Peel – who throughout laboured to restore priorities. It was the old studio boss mentality, with Stanley Baker ensconsed in the biggest caravan on the block (appropriately labelled Billy Smarts Circus) where he entertained selected stars such as The Beach Boys, who themselves entered and exited the site in a convoy of Daimlers.

"Don't follow road signs marked *To Pop Festival*", warned the official guide to VIP's, "or you will be caught in a traffic trap" again demonstrating the attitude towards ordinary mortals who make the venture such a popular investment.

While public shelter was non-existent, other basics of the Instant City were provided at the traditional slumlord level. In these instances, the weather played into organisers hands, dampening any prospects of protest, which in the past has resulted in the trashing of gruesome hot dog stalls. The only nutritious cheap garden-fresh food, cooked on the spot, was offered by Joe's Cafe – a Manchester non profit commune which wasn't even allowed on the site. For those able to obtain leave from the venue, prior to the (illegal) ban on passouts, Joe's were dishing out generous helpings of vegetables, brown rice and an orange for 11p, comparing not unfavourably with the authorised boiled hamburger on stale bun for 15p.

In fairness to Harlech, Baker & Co., efforts were made to keep the prices roughly parallel to the outside world. Cigarettes were only a few p's dearer, while paper sleeping bags gazumped from 20 to 50p. So long as organisers persist in granting monopoly rights to mammoth catering enterprises, exploitation will continue. Not that caterers are grateful for the business. The sign outside the Watney's beer tent summarised their attitude "Closed till 6pm. Fuck Off." When asked whether their marquee could be turned over to public accommodation between midnight and opening hours, the response was identical.

If entrepreneurs have been remarkably unresponsive to the demands of festival goers, other organisations have been prepared to compromise. The police, once refusing to acknowledge the existence of Release, nowadays regularly telephone their tent, asking, "Could you please come and collect one of your acid freaks" (who's non possessing, so not arrestable). Their en masse ban from the site is an improvement on the usual cow-towing, although police retaliated by saturating off site focal points, such as Joe's Cafe, or dispatching plain-clothed sorties for lightning arrests. Because of the prefestival scare, the force was laughably over-manned, with dozens per square yard approaching the site, directing a solitary row of traffic. Approximately 150 people were busted, all unfairly, because over 90% of the 30,000 must have been stoned or "possessing", as drugs are virtually essential to survival – how else could most people endure planned traffic jams, hard hitching, 72 predominantly sleepless hours, rain, wind, bad food and still enjoy the occassion, as I conceed that many people did.

While working with Release I met countless drenched and shivering kids with nowhere to sleep, no friends at the festival, a 12 mile walk ahead to Lincoln, no money, little dope and who all, with few exceptions, stated they were enjoying themselves. Their

**UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES**





Captain Snaps montage




Derek Annis

"NUTRITIOUS, CHEAP GARDEN-FRESH FOOD"

daily grind outside that Bardney bank holiday I contemplate with horror

For all the berating of Release by alternative media militants, their presence at festivals provides the only power point the people have. Release (with Civil Aid) pressures the organisers into fencing the latrine pits or into requesting the caterers to stay open all night. If you're a junkie, Release will succour you, if you're tripping, a warm Moroccan styled tent awaits you, attended by bearded jokers who hug and kiss and gentle buxom maidens who may bathe you (as happened to one bewildered Hells Angel), light incense or just smile and hold out lavender pads to sniff. If your friends have disappeared, presumed busted, Release gives court reports, them a lawyer and raises a bust fund to pay the fine. There are endless cups of tea, some free blankets and spare tent space for shelter.

Other groups also participate round the clock on a voluntary basis. Civil Aid, founded in the heyday of CND to learn what to do when the bomb drops, has for years been campaigning for improved amenities. One of their workers showed me what he described as his "pornography collection"—photographs of the lavatories filled in the mud and unusable at previous festivals. These had been sent to the Great Western with suggestions for alternative structures. To no avail. Civil Aid comes to festivals because they regard them as training grounds: "only here the disasters are not staged, they're real."

The irony of any Welfare Group's participation in such festivals, as is readily admitted, is that they absorb indignation, patch up bassups and in many ways ensure the success of the venture for the promoters. Meanwhile, they are the only protection for the people from the inclement weather and greed.

The record of the alternative press is not impressive. Its representatives squabble among themselves over press passes and are more interested in music than mayhem. *Frendz* reprinted a circularised attack on Great Western then scrapped it under legal pressure. *Oz* and *IT* are content to use the occassions as market places. It is left to the enterprising energy of *Time Out* to erect a newscaster, but absolutely in cahoots with the organisers and access to it is not available for those who may wish to air grievances—a fact not unconnected with *Time Out*'s involvement in producing and selling the official programme.

Before the concrete sets on any permanent festival site, underground organisations may wish to combine, as once before, in producing an onsite newsletter, as a voice for the thousands of people who, having paid their dues in advance, have no further say in the decisions which effect them. The control exerted over them has now escalated to ludicrous proportions—down to deciding what newspaper is to be granted a monopoly concession. At Bardney, *only* the Express was on sale (which accounts for that paper's "favourable" attitude).

A People's Committee should be contemplated before the next festival—possibly a coagulation of welafer groups, Underground Press, Music Liberation Front and other interested individuals to protect the rights of constituents. Anyone desiring to fence-in up to ½ million people for a long wet weekend must accept responsibilities. While Great Western certainly kept the music churning out, other obligations were cynically abrogated. As I said, a Tory Festival



Captain Snaps





Captain Snaps

MEANWHILE, BACK IN LINCOLN, ETHNIC FOLK THEATRE FROM MUNCHENGLADBACK REGALED THE LOCALS...

Derek Annis



# Dear Brothers...

*When the Marx Brothers were about to make a movie called "A Night in Casablanca," there were threats of legal action from the Warner Brothers, who five years before, had made a picture called simply, "Casablanca" (with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman as stars). Whereupon Groucho, speaking for his brothers and himself, immediately dispatched the following letters*



Dear Warner Brothers:

Apparently there is more than one way of conquering a city and holding it as your own. For example, up to the time that we contemplated making this picture, I had no idea that the city of Casablanca belonged exclusively to Warner Brothers. However, it was only a few days after our announcement appeared that we received your long, ominous legal document warning us not to use the name Casablanca.

It seems that in 1471, Ferdinand Balboa Warner, your great-great-grandfather, while looking for a shortcut to the city of Burbank, had stumbled on the shores of Africa and, raising his alpenstock (which he later turned in for a hundred shares of the common), named it Casablanca.

I just don't understand your attitude. Even if you plan on re-releasing your picture, I am sure that the average movie fan could learn in time to distinguish between Ingrid Bergman and Harpo. I don't know whether I could, but I certainly would like to try.

You claim you own Casablanca and that no one else can use that name without your permission. What about "Warner Brothers"? Do you own that, too? You probably have the right to use the name Warner, but what about Brothers? Professionally, we were brothers long before you were. We were touring the sticks as The Marx Brothers when Vitaphone was still a gleam in the inventor's eye, and even before us there had been other brothers: the Smith Brothers, the Brothers Karamazov, Dan Brothers, an outfielder with Detroit, and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" (This was originally "Brothers, Can You Spare a Dime?" but this was spreading a dime pretty thin, so they threw out one brother, gave all the money to the other one and whittled it down to "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?")

Now Jack, how about you? Do you maintain that yours is an original name? Well, it's not. It was used long before you were born. Offhand, I can think of two Jacks: there was Jack of "Jack and the Beanstalk", and Jack the Ripper, who cut quite a figure in his day.

As for you, Harry, you probably sign your checks, sure in the belief that you are the first Harry of all time and that all other Harrys are imposters. I can think of two Harrys that preceded you. There was Lighthouse Harry of Revolutionary fame and a Harry Appelbaum who lived on the corner of 93rd Street and Lexington Avenue. Unfortunately, Appelbaum wasn't too well known. The last I heard of him, he was selling neckties at Weber and Heilbroner.

Now about the Burbank Studio. I believe this is what you brothers call your place. Old man Burbank is gone. Perhaps you remember him. He was a great man in a garden. His wife often said Luther had ten green thumbs. What a witty woman she must have been! Burbank was the wizard who crossed all those fruits and vegetables until he had the poor plants in such a confused and jittery condition that they could never decide whether to enter the dining room on the meat platter or the dessert dish.

This is pure conjecture of course, but who knows: perhaps Burbanks' survivors aren't too happy with the fact that a plant that grinds out pictures on a quota settled in their town, appropriated Burbank's name and uses it as a front for their films. It is even possible that the Burbank family is prouder of the potato produced by the old man that they are of the fact that from your studio emerged "Casablanca" or even "Gold Diggers of 1931".

This all seems to add up to a pretty bitter tirade, but I assure you it's not meant to. I love Warner. Some of my best friends are Warner Brothers. It is even possible that I am doing you an injustice and that you, yourselves, know nothing at all about this dog-in-the-Wanger attitude. It wouldn't surprise me at all to discover that the heads of your legal department are unaware of this absurd dispute, for I am acquainted with many of them and they are fine fellows with curly black hair, double-breasted suits and a love of their fellow man that out-Saroyans Saroyan.

I have a hunch that this attempt to prevent us from using the title is the brainchild of some ferret-faced shyster, serving a brief apprenticeship in your legal department. I know the type well: hot out of law school, hungry for success and too ambitious to follow the natural laws of promotion. This bar sinister probably needled your attorneys, most of whom are fine fellows with curly black hair, double-breasted suits etc., into attempting to




enjoin us. Well, he won't get away with it! We'll fight him to the highest court! No pasty-faced legal adventurer is going to cause bad blood between the Warners and the Marxes. We are all brothers under the skin and we'll remain friends till the last reel of "A Night in Casablanca" goes tumbling over the spool.

Sincerely,
Groucho Marx

*For some curious reason, this letter seemed to puzzle the Warner Brothers legal department. They wrote in all seriousness and asked if the Marxes would give them some idea of what their story was about. They felt that some-*

*thing might be worked out So Groucho replied*

Dear Warners

There isn't much I can tell you about the story as I'll play a Doctor of Divinity who ministers to the niggles and, as a sideline, hawks can openers and pea shooters to the savages along the Gold Coast of Africa

When I first meet Chico, he is working in a saloon, selling sponges to barflies who are unable to carry their liquor. Harpo is an Arabian caddie who lives in a small Grecian urn on the outskirts of the city

As the picture opens, Porridge, a mealy-mouthed native girl, is sharpening some arrows for the hunt. Paul Hangover, our hero, is constantly lighting two cigarettes simultaneously He apparently is unaware of the cigarette shortage.

There are many scenes of splendor and fierce antagonisms and Color, an Abyssinian messenger boy, runs Riot. Riot, in case you have never been there, is a small night club on the edge of town.

There's a lot more I could tell you, but I don't want to spoil it for you All this has been okayed by the Hays Office, Good Housekeeping and the survivors of the Haymarket Riots, and if the times are ripe, this picture can be the opening gun in a new worldwide disaster.

Cordially,
Groucho Marx

*Instead of mollifying them, this note seemed to puzzle the attorneys even more, they wrote back and said they still didn't understand the story line and they would appreciate it if Mr Marx would explain the plot in more detail. So Groucho obliged with the following.*

Dear Brothers

Since I last wrote you, I regret to say there have been some changes in the plot of our new picture, "A Night in Casablanca." In the new version I play Bordello, the sweetheart of Humphrey Bogart Harpo and Chico are itinerant rug peddlers who are weary of laying rugs and enter a monastery just for a lark This is a good joke on them, as there hasn't been a lark in the place for fifteen years.

Across from this monastery, hard by a jetty, is a waterfront hotel, chockfull of apple-cheeked damsels, most of whom have been barred by the Hays Office for soliciting. In the fifth reel, Gladstone makes a speech that sets the House of Commons in an uproar and the King promptly asks for his resignation. Harpo marries a hotel detective, Chico operates an ostrich farm. Humphrey Bogart's girl, Bordello, spends her last years in a Bacall house.

This, as you can see, is a very skimpy outline. The only thing that can save it from extinction is a continuation of the film shortage.

Fondly,
Groucho Marx

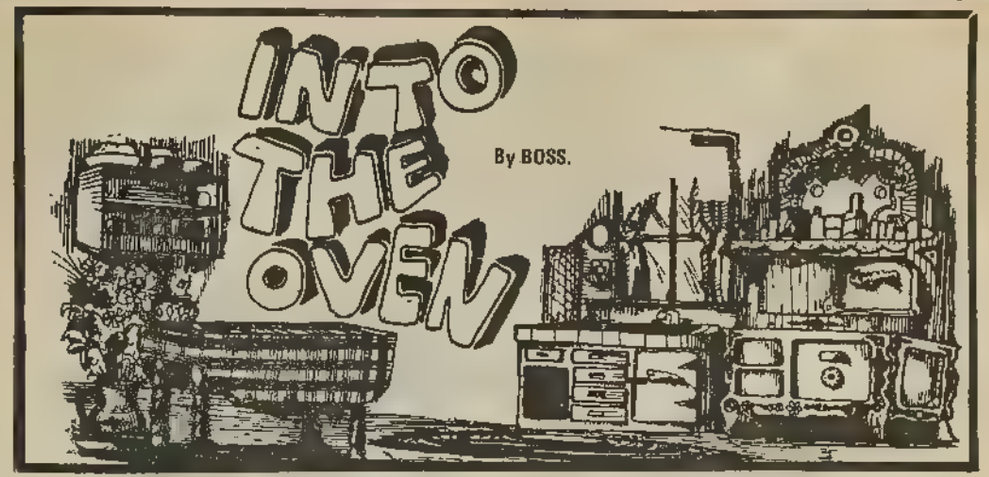
*After that, the Marxes heard no more from the Warner Brothers legal department.*


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## THE ILFORD DAMPER

*1 lb flour*
*water from the tap*

Mix flour and water together, wack mixture into frying pan, and beat furiously The amount of water used will determine the consistency of the damper, i.e. If the water will mean a big thick gooey mess, lotsa water will give plenty of paratha-type dampers. (This recipe is derived from starving Deviants' road managers in 1967)

## THE EGG GAMBLE
(feeds a big family)

*1 doz eggs*
*1 med. cauliflower*
*½ lb cheese*
*½ lb onions*
*2 peppers (red or green)*
*1 lb tomatoes*
*½ lb mushrooms*
*bunch spring onions*
*mixed herbs, salt, pepper*

Cut and boil cauliflower, lightly fry onions in butter, layer bottom of large baking tray with cauliflower, grate on cheese, cover with onion, cover onion with cut peppers, cut tomatoes in slices and cover peppers, salt and pepper and herbs to be sprinkled on tomatoes, mushrooms to cover. Lay spring onions on top and place in hot oven for 20 mins Beat eggs with beater till very frothy, remove dish from oven, pour on eggs and put back in oven until eggs have risen and gone brown

(The gamble is in the eggs taking or not)

## YOGHOURT WITH VANILLA CUSTARD

*½ pint yoghourt*
*½ pint thick custard (already made)*
*sugar, nuts, glace fruit*

Mix yoghourt and vanilla custard, add sugar to taste Serve in glasses and cover with chopped nuts and chopped glace fruit Tastes nice with "Yum Yum" crispy wafers

## THE DRUNKEN DUCK
(Chinese style)

*1 medium sized duck*
*2 spring onions*
*½ bottle cooking sherry*
*2–3 pieces ginger*
*2 tbsp salt*

Clean the duck thoroughly, removing all entrails, rub the inside with salt, and put chopped ginger and onion inside the bird. Then place it in a pot or heavy saucepan and let it wallow in sherry for 2½ hours Turn the bird every now and then, to save him from drowning, and when it quacks three times, remove from pot and cut into sixteen pieces, serve on plate with spring onions cut into two inch sections

## A DARK THICK MARMALADE

*12 Seville oranges*
*1 lemon*
*8 lbs preserving sugar*
*3 pints cold water*

Wash the oranges and lemon, cut in half, and remove the juice by squeezing. Put the pips in a muslin bag and cut up the oranges and lemon in thick shreds, using a sharp knife Put the juice, shredded peel, and pulp, and the pips tied in muslin, into a large pan with the cold water, measure the weight of the contents and mark the level Boil for about 2 hours, or until the depth has been reduced by rather more than one-third. Remove the pips then add sugar, bring to the boil, and stir constantly over a gentle heat until it has dissolved Boil for 1½ to 1¾ hours until the colour has darkened slightly and the preserve sets firmly when tested on a cold plate Pour into pots and cover Leave for couple of weeks, then tuck in

(Recommended by the Good Housekeeping Institute).

## CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT PIE
(Serves 4)

*6 oz short crust pastry*
*4 level tablespoonsful cornflour (or 8 tbsp flour)*
*pinch of salt*
*2 level tbsp cocoa*
*1 oz sugar*
*1 pint milk*
*4 saccharin tablets*
*vanilla essence*

Line an 8 inch flat tin with the pastry and bake it blind in a hot oven: Mix the cornflour (or flour) salt, cocoa, and sugar with a little of the cold milk Boil rest of milk and dissolve mixture and return to pan, bring to the boil, stirring well, and boil for five minutes Add the essence and whisk well Pour the mixture into the pastry case and when cool decorate with mock cream flavoured with peppermint essence.

## MOCK CREAM

*1 oz margarine* *1 oz sugar*
*1 level tbsp milk* *1 tbsp warm water*
*peppermint essence to taste*

Cream margarine and sugar till white and smooth Add milk and water gradually, beating well till quite smooth. Add a few drops of peppermint essence

(Courtesy The Ministry of Food, London SW1 (Food Facts No.339))

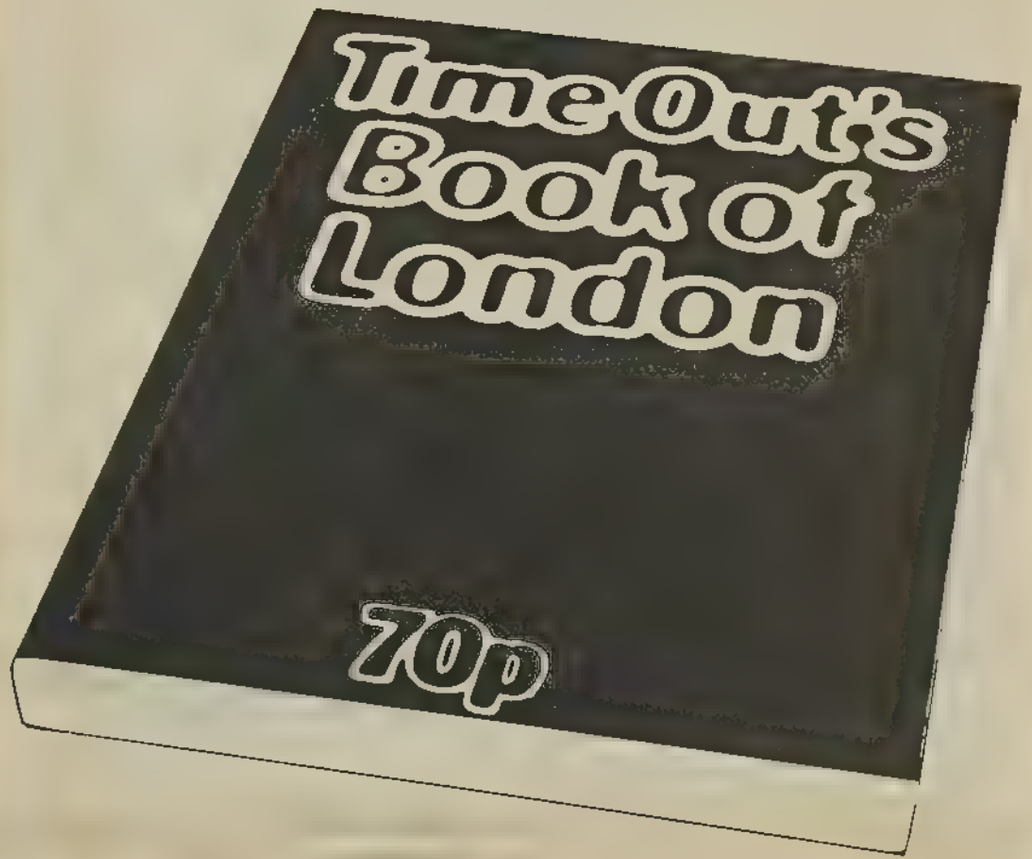
## FRIED EGGS (OEFS FRITS)

1. Allow 1 or 2 eggs per portion
2. Melt a little fat in a frying pan
3. Add the eggs, season lightly
4. Cook gently until lightly set
5. Serve on a plate or flat dish
6. Nice to eat with bacon

(from "Practical Cookery by Victor Ceserani and Ronald Kinton).

Special next issue "Eggs and Bacon"

**Time Out's Book of London Out Now**






# THOSE FABULOUS FURRY CELEBRATED & LEGENDARY FREAK BROTHERS



# THE LONG ROAD TO ROOM TEN-O-NINE

Mick Farren.



When the Rolling Stones thundered into the teenage wasteland of the early sixties, in the '57 Ford they borrowed from Chuck Berry, it was like a fresh wind blowing through a barren land. Packaged idols, synthetic castrated popiods that were antiseptic revamps of the ass-shaking poolhall hoods that stormed popular music in the mid-fifties, abounded on every side Cliff, Fabian, Adam Faith, even Elvis was eating apple pie in the US Army.

The Stones' back-seat grope music spread, filling the void and driving back the take-good-care-of-my-baby dumb, giggling, don't-touch-me-down-there bopper tranquilisers, with a blast of second hand nigger stud reality, that was backed up with lifestyle and adventures that scared parents and Sunday newspaper editors, but gladdened the heart of every teen rebel in the land.

In 1963, they held pubescent mini riots in Richmond Surrey.

In 1964, they caused pubescent maxi riots in the USA, and fans were inspected by ball-room manager Ron Smith for cleanliness. But they got vengeance by doing a couple of grands' worth of damage to the Paris Olympia.

In 1965, they were busted for pissing on an East London wall. A girl fan flung herself from a cinema balcony, and fire hoses were used to down noting boppers in Manchester.

In 1966, ten cops were injured at a Paris concert, fire hoses came out in Dusseldorf, a magistrate called them "filthy morons", and ...

In 1967 Polish fans battled tear-gas armed police, Mick and Keith nearly went to the slammers, Brian Jones was also held and then collapsed.

In 1968 "Street Fighting Man" got banned by US radio, and Brian got busted again.

In 1969 Brian left the group and died. Mick and Keith were thrown out of a Peruvian hotel. 25,000 showed up to see them in Hyde Park, and Meredith Hunter died at Altamont

It has been said that Rock'n'Roll is the only medium that this generation is prepared to really trust to give it vital information.

Rubbish, you say? Rock'n'Roll can't tell you the current price of meat, or details of Nixon's latest escapade.

Of course it can't but is that vital information? Isn't it more important to be able to realise the feelings common to a nation or generation. The fact that millions of kids paid their bread to cop "Satisfaction" said a lot about how the lid was about to blow on civilisation's repression of sex. It was instant electronic grapevine that told dissatisfied kids all over the world that they weren't allowed.

The price of meat could be found by asking the butcher, Rock'n'Roll linked head to head, and the Stones, declaring themselves "Five reflections of today's children" on a Hollywood billboard, had an instinctive touch with the street that made each album or single a statement with far more insight than the State Of The Union.

For almost a decade the Stones laid out a physical reflection that told the feelings behind the events that baffled and frightened uptight honko-citizens, and set their kids screaming to be free. It was only in the later years that law'n'order discovered a way to negate this power, by cocooning the rockers with money and expensive toys. The links with the street were broken, and it was assumed that the Stones would decay into an image no more iconoclastic than a dope-puffing stock exchange swinger.

This may have worked in the case of P.McCartney, but the Stones just grew more hideous in isolation and the cocoon proved no more effective than the fire-hoses, the busts or the bans. They discovered the freedom to indulge themselves like De Sade aristos, and new drugs, more





drugs, unnamed sex traps "up South America to suss out voodoo", all became part of a strange rocker decadence that parodied, encompassed and surpassed the sweaty fantasies of the Alcister Crowleys, or Charlie Mansons.

White butterflies spiralled over Hyde Park and on TV Mick read Shelley for Brian, while rumours of the Jones' snuffing still echoed round the quarter million audience. Allen Klein told Playboy magazine how Mick had "forgotten what sex he was", while Germaine Greer recounted third hand tales of Mars bar fun and private videos of dead children.

True or not, the new legend was built and the product began to reflect it. Imagery, of the kind that hadn't been heard since Dylan cleaned up, abounded. Messianic doom fantasies, needles, spoons, death and over-dose piled up in a great self-fulfilling snowball, that was shipped to the US, where it was taken so seriously that everyone from Melvin Belli to the Greatful Dead co-operated in setting it on course for the Altamont speedway.

The burst of reality at Altamont was like a flash bulb in a cellar. The giant witch kings shrank to human size and were revealed as Karmic dabblers who could maybe bring it down, but had no means of controlling it once down. Only the swaggering greaser intelligence of Keith Richard seemed to pull them through, anything like intact

# ROCK...

And, of course, we were all getting older, and the Stones were going with us. Throughout the comprehensives of the nation, a new generation was growing. A generation that, as soon as it was big enough to fork fifty pee over the diskette counter, was being swamped with a complete set of plastoid rollers that, tailored to every taste, would keep the teens quiet until they graduated to librium, booze and HP payments. Just like Frankie, Fabian, Adam and Cliff ten years earlier, Marcee, Slade et al shook their arses out of the telly in an early evening slot that came while the older freak still scratched and wondered what day it was. It was, and is, an inundation of sanitized late model plastirock that turned the heads of Class IIIc, to whom Hendrix was something for their big sisters. They didn't have the experience to suss that Bolan had negated the whole deal by separating the hootch from the cootch.

The new teenage wasteland spreads through the semis and high rise blocks, and it would seem that the Stones have dumped a new double album into this space, but the value of it is still dubious.

The obvious message of 'Exiles on Main Street' is that the Stones are coming out rockin', pumping out energy, and Bolan, the Faces and the rest can move over. The sleaze and the doom have all but disappeared, and even the few remaining flashes are not as visible as the Slim Harpo jokes.

It seems a pure exercise in letting it go, and though there is an element of a kind of "They Shoot Horses Don't They" in the package, the weight of the album is based on pumping out formula R&B, supposedly to cut through the low tension electro-teen candy floss lemon'n'lime crew that dominate media.

That the scheme is working seems doubtful. 'Tumbling Dice' has not edged 'Meta. Guru' out of the hot however-many, and you have all the 22+ freaks rocking out to the albums, and letting it replace the Grateful Dead as music to politely consume drugs to, but then finding that it lacks depth except in the punk zen of producing a song that has the only decipherable words of "Roll me, I'm the tumbling dice."

So what do you have, the Rolling Stones sliding down in distinguished musicianship, or setting up a hip Las Vegas for '75. Is it that we have a generation gap around seventeen, or is the young end of youth culture being force fed a Cliff'n Adam counter phase, it's a paradox when on one hand you have children challenging the bullshit in school, and on the other Boppin' to Bolan. It could be that music itself could be sliding out of its previously omnipotent media hold, and future Dylans and Jaggers, if they are, in fact needed, may be expressing themselves in a wider selection of ways.



**B.B.KING**
**"LA/MIDNIGHT"**
**(EMI/Probe)**

On his London album BB included a short throwaway version of Jerry Ragavoy's haunting and beautiful 'Ain't Nobody Home' and at the time I thought this might well be an interesting alley for Mr.King and his guitar to explore. On "LA/Midnight", however, he has reverted to the admittedly proficient but well-tried stuff that made him the big name he is today.

Allowing for this limitation, I think he's produced an album which is closer in drive and feel to the "Live at the Regal/Blues is King" days than any other, in the past three years (and there's been a few). He uses a solid mixed bag of West Coast musicians most of whom have recorded with him in the past, and a couple of long, straight-off guitar jams to achieve this 'live' effect, throwing in a powerful remake of his old hit "Sweet 16" and an instrumental version of "Help the Poor" (also from this period) for reinforcement, using all his current touring band.

The horn arrangements are mostly OK especially on the second jam "Lucille's Granny", when the trumpet player and BB play down note for note, but the addition of tuba playing the bass part on some of the cuts, although interesting as a tongue-in-gums nod towards Dixie, doesn't really make it in the long run. (Some flashes of the 30s undoubtedly do, for the use of, see M.Jagger and M Bloomfield).

With his name and reputation, BB could turn 1972 soul music inside out, he doesn't need to endlessly re-tread old paths.

**Mac.**

**THE MUDDY WATERS BLUES BAND**
**100 Club, Oxford Street**

Performances by visiting American blues stars to this country take on a ritual feel, an inexorable movement from the first steamy sweaty minute you enter the door, fight your way to the bar and then fight your way to the front, to the last encore, the dazzle of the house lights and the cold street outside.

These ceremonies are attended mainly by dogged survivors of the pre-Blues Boom era, the like of which could be seen down Cooks Ferry Inn or Manor House in its heyday packed shoulder to shoulder, and an elite smattering of middle-aged jazzers and Melody Maker staffmen who stand at the back. The bands and singers shuffle on and do what they've been paid to do and are suitably applauded the way they expect to be. Then the celebration comes to an end and the congregation file out and melt back on the Northern Line.

Which isn't to say I didn't enjoy a good ritual now and then and besides some of my best mates are Norf London bluesmen.

Down the old 100 Club last Thursday there was as good a ritual as any, when the Muddy Waters band plus Doctor Isiah Ross appeared to a packed house. Doctor Ross in his baggy Welfare suit didn't need to warm up the audience, they were right there with him as he blew into "Country Sugar Mama" with the old hi-hat clinking away. It seemed like about three lagers before Muddy's band took the stage, and loosened up with 'Honky Tonk' and 'Watermelon Man'.

When Muddy finally got on, excitement was at its peak, and it was a real buzz to see the effortless way he drove the band through all the old favourites. "Hoochie Coochie Man", "Rock Me", the beautiful Eddie Boyd song "Five Long Years" and finally the ultimate singalong crowd stopper, "Mojo". It is three years since the famous Muddy/Otis Spann tour and Muddy although he had to play sitting down for much of the set, can still whip it out.

He even managed some screaming bottle neck on "Long Distance Call", one of his early hits.

The late Otis Spann's place at the piano was ably taken by Mr. Pinetop Perkins, and when Muddy had a break in the middle of the 1½ hour set, he and Pee Wee Madison on guitar kept things bubbling along, with a little help from the other guitarist Louis Myers, from the Junior Wells band, who replaced the regular guitarist who's ill back in Chicago.

Muddy Waters' band is one of the last real Chicago blues bands and should be seen before its too late.

**Mac.**

**STEVIE WONDER**
**"Music of My Mind"**
**(Tamla Motown)**

For well over a decade now Tamla-Motown have been regularly churning out material from their Detroit-based hit factory with never ending success. Except for the addition of a few fashionable frills in more recent years (for example, the embellishments to be found on "Reflections" and "Cloud Nine") the sound has stayed virtually unchanged in hit after hit, always making use of the same basic and rigid, but very commercial, formula—and thus remaining instantly recognisable.

One can't really criticise or even blame Gordy for his reluctance to become a little more adventurous—for when Tamla's massive audience are ready to lap it up with every release, why take risks? It's sound business sense not to. Nevertheless, the more discerning amongst us may have started to notice that some significant changes have begun to take place. Some people both inside and outside the Motown structure haven't been happy with the stock for some time now and are getting a little restless. Many listeners find Tamla's output these days has come to bear as much soul as a computer-driven conveyor belt.



Meanwhile, inside, one time protegee Stevie Wonder has come of age and like the off spring who leaves the parents' home for places unknown, is asserting his individuality and pursuing his own musical path away from the Motown machine. The black sheep of the family, perhaps, and no pun intended. One day, Gordy may have reason to thank him for it.

"Music of My Mind" is the first evidence of Stevie Wonder's new self-motivated personalised music. The only thing this album has in common with other Tamla products is the familiar black label in the middle. Other than that, it's a complete departure, even geographically, being recorded at Media Sound and Hendrix's Electric Lady studio in New York.

All the main tasks have been carried out by Stevie as well as writing, arranging and singing the songs, he plays a multitude of instruments and proves to

# ...AND ROLL



be more than efficient on all of them. Also, he's featured on Arp and Moog Synthesizers, the latter of which has been programmed by Robert Margouleff and Malcolm Cecil of Tonto's Expanding Head Band These two also give invaluable assist in co-producing the album

There are nine tracks featured, three with a certain Mr Wright giving a hand on the writing chores, and only one doesn't quite succeed "Superwoman" which drags on and on, failing to hold the attention after the first few minutes. The rest are gems, some like "Girl Blue" are ballads with suitably spacey sounds to listen to on cans while others are fast rhythmic infectious extravaganzas more geared to a bodily response

Perhaps the best example of this is "Keep on Running" Lyrically Stevie is getting more philosophical and committed to the point where it's a worthwhile venture now to concentrate on what he's got to say, which has never been the case before Musically there's a similarity to Sly's "There's A Riot Goin' On" album on many tracks, in that both artistes seem to be exploring parallel paths, though their old roads came from quite different directions All in all, an experiment that has most definitely paid off resulting in a brilliant album that has an identity all of its own

With the onslaught of the new black consciousness in the States, Motown are starting to feel the pressure. Demands are being made for them to move away from the stylised, slick Las Vegas 'black' music fit for 'white' consumption, and get back to catering for their own kind Stevie Wonder's music would be a way to do that without alienating either audience It's intelligent, proficient humane, humble and vital and if it brings people together that little bit more, then it should receive every ounce of encouragement that can be mustered Mr Gordy, take note

**Bo.**

## SMITH, PERKINS & SMITH
**(Island)**

I think I'm going crazy Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young, Kossoff, Kirke, Tetsu, Rabbit, Fishbaugh, Fishbough, Zorn, Brewer, Shipley, Demick, Armstrong, Seals Crofts, Scott, Ethridge, Barbata, Batdorf, Rodney, Loggins and Messina who are all these people? Where will it all end?

Just to add to the general confusion, let me introduce you to Smith, Perkins and Smith Tim and Steve Smith and their friend and colleague Wayne Perkins operate out of Muscle Shoals, Alabama where they played an assortment of guitars and keyboards on various famous people's records not to mention paying their engineering dues as well Now backed up by Celebrated Rhythm Section No 853(a), Roger Hawkins on drums and David Hood on bass, they've made their own album

Surprisingly enough, it steers fairly clear of the supertight gruntfunk that one would have expected, Muscle Shoals being Duane Allman's training ground and the source of more hits than you could shake a tambourine at The accent seems to be on the more introspective side of Southern music, the electric goodtime music being interspersed with plenty of sad songs on pianos and acoustic guitars Wayne Perkins plays a fine, jabbing slide guitar, and the whole thing is refreshingly free of the ostentation and self important mournfulness that seems to pervade most acoustic oriented albums these days Currently, Messrs S P & S are in England working with a good local rhythm section and playing the more electric sections of their repertoire plus a few Chuck Berry songs that fare a lot better with this particular bunch of studio cowboys than they do with most of the British groups who play them

Look out for S.P. & S., they blow up a real Southern rockanroll storm.

**Charles Shaar Murray.**

## THE PERSUASIONS
**"Street Corner Symphony"**
**(Island)**

The Persuasions are a five-strong black vocal group who perform acappella Their album 'Street Corner Symphony' is just what it says a set of songs performed entirely without instrumental accompaniment. The Persuasions ' represent the tradition of black vocal group music that eventually became the target for the parodic darts of Sha Na Na and Ruben and the Jets They have a beautiful booming bass singer, a hoarsely agonised Wilson Pickett type lead who embellishes the lines with all the grunts and look-a-heres you could want, riding the backing singers

It's so well recorded that you don't miss the instruments and when the backup singers stop scatting and sing words the effect is as startling as having a guitar or an organ begin to enunciate Their material ranges from the predictable Sam Cooke, Smokey Robinson and Curtis Mayfield stuff to Dylan and Carole King. Along with the White Lightnin' album, it's one of the nicest non-rock albums around at the moment Don't ignore it Try and hear it at least once.

**Charles Shaar Murray.**




## FREDDIE KING
**"His Early Years"**
## HARRIS/VINSON
**"Jump Blues"**
## LOWELL FULSOM
**"In a Heavy Bag"**
**(Juke Blues/Polydor)**

Juke Blues is a new series from Polydor, putting out this side of the pond, blues from many of their U S subsidiary labels Put together by Simon Gee and Mike Leadbitter, they will feature many of the best tracks ever cut by some of the greatest modern bluesmen In common with the forthcoming Genesis box sets of Chess, they will be making available many albums and even individual cuts which the serious Blues freaks have been paying good money for as imports, and this time they are available for only (I think) £1.49. All the sleeve notes are by Mike, who has surpassed himself in making them both informative and highly readable, and the whole series has a connecting logo and numbers 1 2 & 3 the above are Juke Blues

Freddie King is still only 37 and yet he seems to have been around for so long This album puts us straight into the time span 1960-63, and is a sheer joy from the opening Driving Sideways ' through 13 tracks, closing on ' Hide Away" (an absolute must for a King album such as this) The layout is almost totally alternating instrumental and vocal and this is cleverly done, as the mood, while altering is kept at a supreme high The difference between the styles, although only a year or so, is quite surprising the vocals circa 1960 present superb crying blues, with liberal use of a Buddy Holly ish falsetto, while the later instrumentals betray a shift towards a raunchier feel, slightly nearer Rock than strict blues For me the hit of the former is "Have You Ever Loved A Woman", the third cut from the early 60 sessions, with a searching crying vocal, while the instrumental hit of course must be "Hide Away", although "Driving Sideways", "The Stumble" and "Low Tide" are also very strong A hit album at any time, this is a peach to open the series.

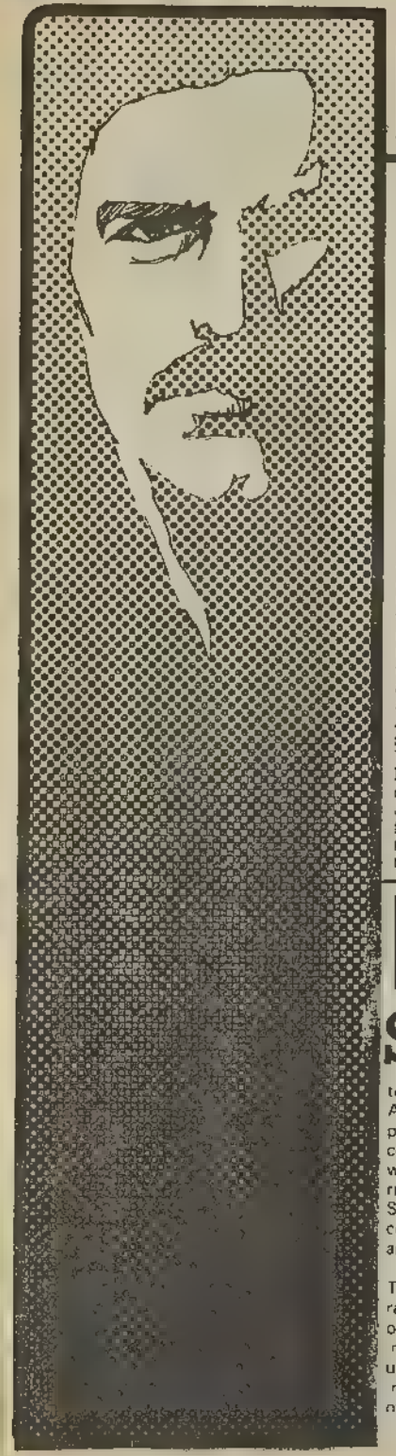
Wynonie Harris and Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson showcase the 'shouting' blues of the late '40s, early '50s on their set This style of blues is not everyone's cup of tea, but for those what likes, this too is a superb release The emphasis here is more on the lyrics than King, as these were aimed at the working class negro of the time, and as such are a slight more risque with no pretentions of social comment, suaveness or what have you Nothing is very subtle but the whole is immensely amusing. Harris had a successful career from 1945 to around 1952, big hits, big money, big cars until the advent of Rock'n'Roll suddenly swept him into obscurity Because of this demise, he has been largely overlooked, so these 8 cuts are doubly valuable, more so as the coming of the likes of Bill Haley can clearly be discerned on some tracks. A tight combo is the order of the day, with saxes, it might sound dated, but give it a try, you'll be surprised

Eddie Vinson is of course now well known through his recent inclusion in the Johnny Otis Show and a tour of this country with Count Basie, but way back, after leaving the Cootie Williams band, he fronted his own, and was too, highly successful from 1947 to 1952. His tracks here are nearer straight blues than Harris', but the tight band sound is still very much to the fore, and his voice is as strong and vibrant as it is now Some of his best cuts are included, and among these, "Cherry Red" and "Kidney Stew" were the biggest, listening to his mean sax you know well why

Third is Lowell Fulsom, now "In A Heavy Bag." Changing his colours like a chameleon, he has managed from 1948 through even the early '70s to remain a success Once with country blues, the aftermath of the Second World War saw him electrify Almost until the end of the '50s he toured with his own band and now he is with 'soul' Five older tracks are included to give a contrast to the newies Those are plus brass, whereas later he had just drums, organ piano, guitar and bass now he is in company of fringe white bluesmen Roger Hawkins, Barry Beckett David Hood and Eddie Hinton (the first three recently on Don Nix's latest) In the States this album (without the older numbers) has already lost him many fans, because of his 'selfout' to the Tamla syndrome but he has gained many new ones on the way He will no doubt do the same with this now but those who prepare to leave a nice experience Often sounding like Slim Harpo, with guitar replacing harp, he is still always deep rooted in the blues, and all the funk in the world won't remove this But this is very good funk Give a listen to "Why Don't We Do It In The Road" (!), which should be instantly released as a single, and "Man Of Motion" and see what I mean Or try "Too Soon" for an older taste Whichever way, it's mighty fine.

Just one bitch please Messrs Gee and Leadbitter, put discographical data on future releases!

**Michael J**



# FILMS

**HOW TO STEAL A DIAMOND IN FOUR UNEASY LESSONS**
**(Dir. Peter Yates)**
**USA 1972**

Peter Yates is cinematically one of Britain's best exports to the USA. He is one of the few British directors ever to 'make it' in Hollywood.

How to Steal etc... has a U certificate and is primarily a robbery story which attempts to be a comedy, and to give it its due, for an hour and a half make the audience forget their cares in the world, and mindlessly guide them along the tortuous pass of robbery, double cross, mock violence, etc. But the film refuses to stay purely on the level of glib entertainment. Small character parts and extras, crowd shots are used by Yates to try and capture life in the streets and parks of New York. And in doing so, he fails to make any coherent statement and his camera focusses on the freaks, the perverts, the blacks, the Jews, in a totally unsympathetic manner. In fact, the film's comedy is mainly centred around the secondary characters, and the fun comes from exploiting the imagined weaknesses of ethnic minorities.

But most of all one is struck by the extreme banality of the subject matter and its treatment. Over the past weeks, with films like this and The Hospital, one cannot but be forced to conclude that the American cinema is once again hitting the bottom, and that the little British product that exists is vastly superior. Even on such levels as Frankie Howerd, and the Carry On . . films, the British cinema tends to be uncompromising, and is therefore true to itself. Its choice of subject can often be questioned, but the execution is exacting and thereby rewarding too, in its own way.

**Gordian Troeller.**

**QUIET DAYS IN CLICHY**
**(NewCinema Club)**

There was a silence so intense in the G-plan committee room that you could hear an elderly ulcer palpitating in the after lunch grease.

Alderman Oldroyd walked slowly to his accustomed place at the head of the light pine neo-Scandinavian conference table. He knew every pair of eyes in the room were rivetted on his face, so he maintained the look of stern and lofty munificence, of the innate aldermanship, of the dignity of civic office, which he again mentally congratulated the corporation artist for having captured in his marble likeness, which graced the mayor's parlour on the ground floor.

It's true he hadn't cared for the toga idea at the beginning, because he still fancied himself to be a simple man, who although he had built up the City Tramsways Committee into the mighty colossus it undoubtedly was, still had time to eat a tangerine, so to speak, or preen his racing pigeons in the backyard.

He reached the head of the table, if you could call it that, and eased his ponderous bulk with distaste into the swivel cumfi-foam chair provided by the Mayor's brother-in-law in Stockport.

He put his elbows on the desk and produced the famous iron grey half hunter from his expansive waistcoat. Movement No.1. Then he paused, and shot a searching glance around the waiting committee, before flicking open the face and clasping his large hands together on the tabletop. Movement No.2. Silence.

"For many years" he boomed, "I have, in my capacity as Chairman of t'Watch Committee been responsible for t he moral welfare of Slagdyke. It has been my duty to examine in my official capacity mind you, more filthy minded bits of vilification than the rest of you have had hot dinners. And I think we are agreed ladies and gentlemen (nod to the lady J P wearing the flowery lampshade) that the little masterpiece we had the dubious pleasure of viewing this morning would outrage the sensibilities of a Bradford strip-joint proprietor!" (polite laughter).

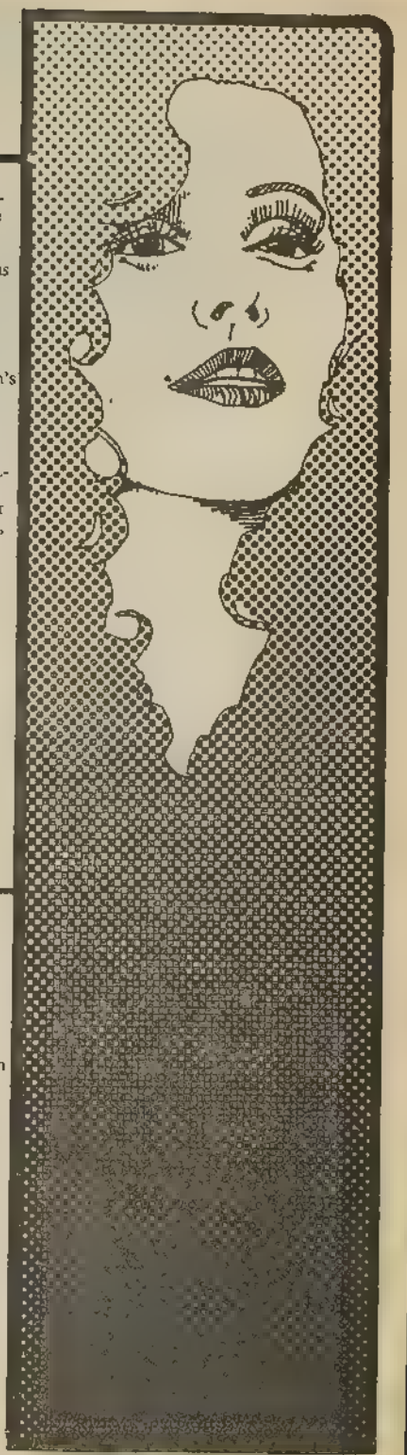
He cast his mind back over the morning's events, the Watch Committee's dream come true. Luscious and fecund sexual athletics I'd call 'em, lovingly filmed in all manners and postures of carnal gratification.

"Although it is—ahem the most daring film we've seen, I wouldn't, as a fair man, put it on the same bill, so to speak, as "The Lustful Vicar' " or "Groupie Girl"." A quick glance around the table, and a flutter of the heart as he recalled the two young adventurers sucking, licking and fucking their way round the female population of Paris for 96 minutes.

"Summat tells me this dubious undertaking was handled with slightly more shall we say finesse than your average five minutes of gobbling on a dirty mattress, and uses slightly more wholesome camera-fodder than your average silicone titted forty year old wi' a beehive hairdo, and abdominal scars." His mind flashed on rows of soberly suited cloth capped seekers after knowledge perusing Mr Miller in the reading room of the Workingman's Institute, erected, he sternly remembered, in 1907 entirely from public subscription. He was glad the main characters reflected the seedy and myopic Henry Miller quite well, and he added, "Of course the more observant amongst you may have noticed the basic naivete of Miler and his mate in twenties Paris has not quite survived the transition to our own day and age, but happen it was a

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# KRUNCH

SOME more news of "Comicon 72", the comics convention to be held in the Gloucester Suite at the Waverley Hotel, Southampton Row, WC1, over the weekend of August 5th -6th. As reported previously, entrance to the event will cost you just one pound for the weekend, starting from 2 pm, Saturday night through non-stop 'til midnight Sunday. It promises to be the best convention yet and many delights are in store for you should you attend.

There are now to be *three* auctions! The Star auction concentrating on rare Golden Age material and some of the original artwork that went into it takes pride of place and undoubtedly will be of immense interest to many collectors. The other two will feature more recent American material from around the Silver Surfer era as well as some British rarities.

Response to the plea put out for interesting film material has been overwhelming to such a degree that if you're only a film fanatic and not interested in the comics medium, it's still worthwhile coming along. The following list should give you some idea that you're guaranteed a most interesting and entertaining weekend: two full length Buster Keaton movies—considered by many to be his best works: "The General" and "Sherlock Junior", a couple of Chaplin shorts, "The Adventurer" and "The Immigrant", a 22 minute short made in the 40s and staring Betty Grable, the futuristic "Spirit of 1976", "Animal Farm"—the only other full length animated feature apart from "Yellow Submarine" to be made in Britain, and some 15 years earlier, "Pride of the Regiment" with inane comments from Peter Sellers, "Felix the Cat" and "Flip the Frog" both original animated material, "Scarface" the best of the gangster movies and lots and lots of others including Richard Williams' "Little Island" as well as "Judex", 'Gad Fly" and "The Gargon Terror". Quite a variety, I think you'll agree.

Of course the above list is by no means conclusive since the organisers are negotiating for further material but you can take it that the best of these films will be shown if not all. Also, there is still every possibility that the "Captain Marvel" serial will be shown in its entirity, spread out through the evening. Finally, there will also be a panel of people who work in animation from the studios in and around London which could make for an interesting and revealing discussion. More details of the convention I'll pass onto you in the next ish.

*STOP PRESS!* I've just seen the new "Comic Catalog". Very much improved, it's a winner. Fifty pages of absorbing informat on containing many fine articles plus reviews of forthcoming comics and sci-fi books, with a cover depicting the first covers to four forthcoming National titles including Kirby's 'Demon" and "Kamandi -The Last Boy on Earth". All for just 10p and available from 22 Woodhaw, Egham, Surrey, TW20 9AP.

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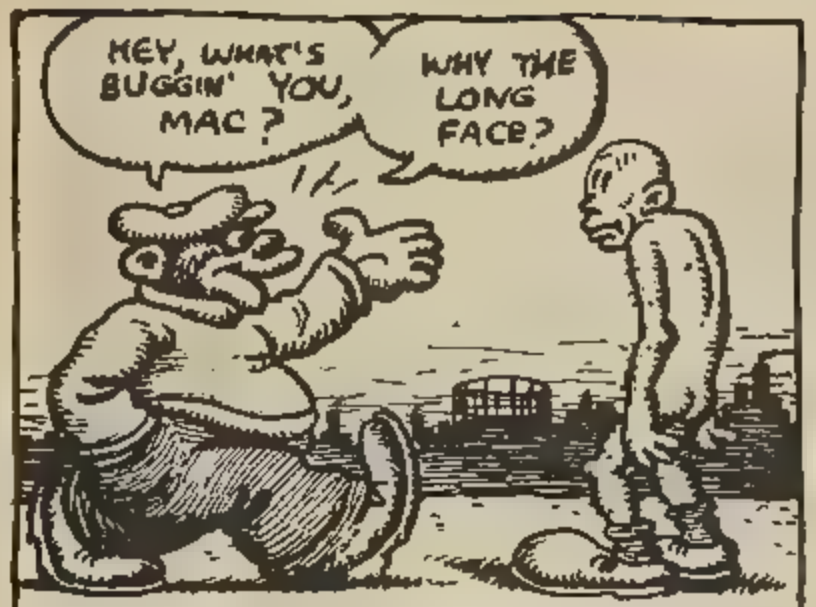
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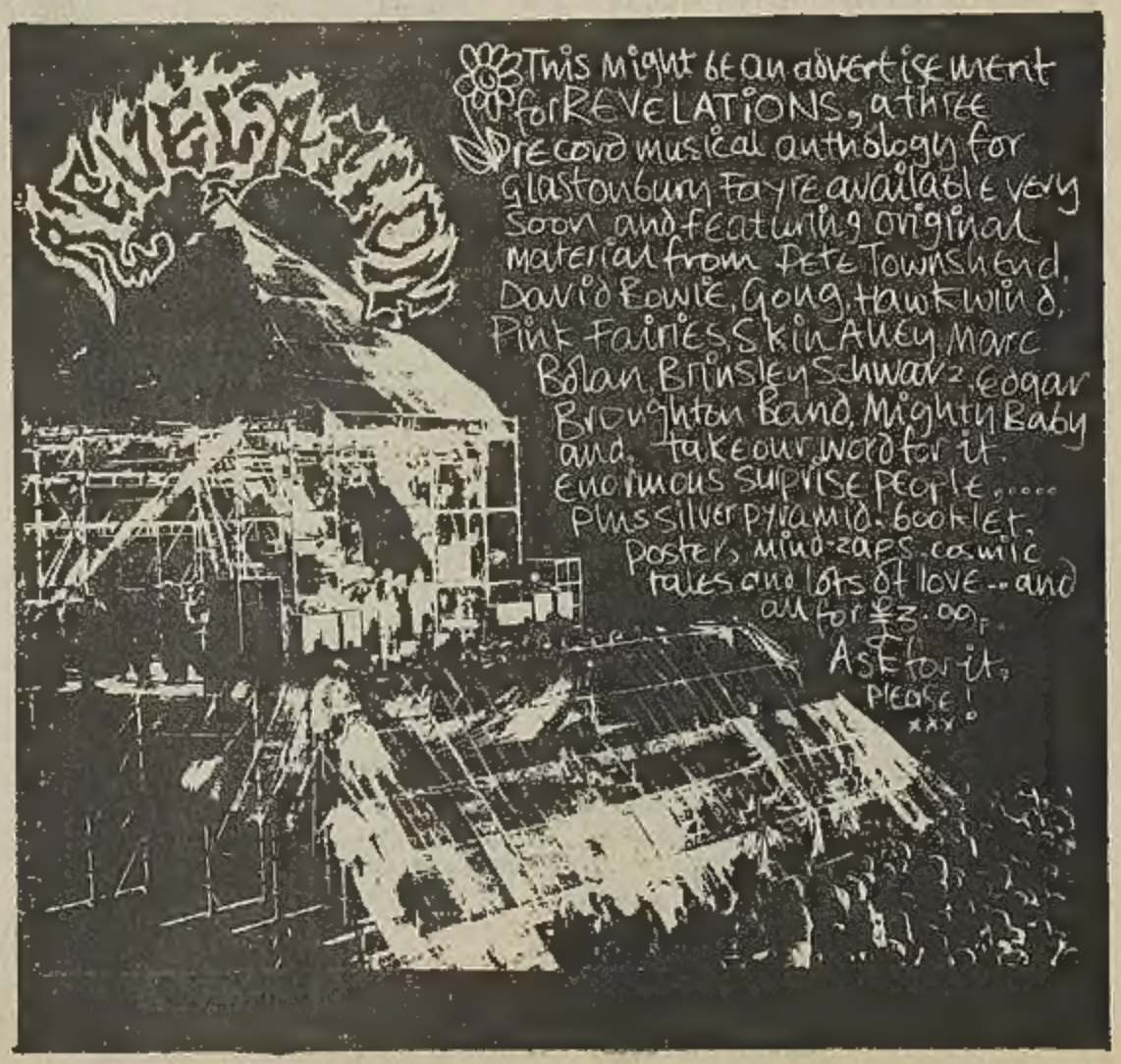
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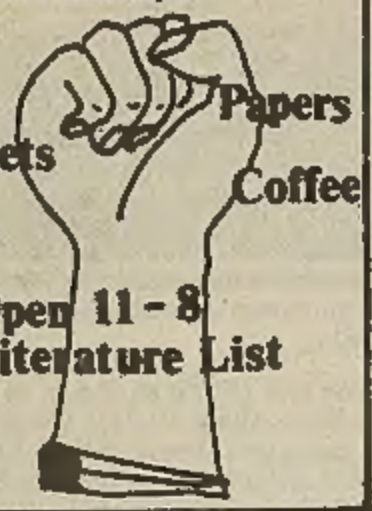


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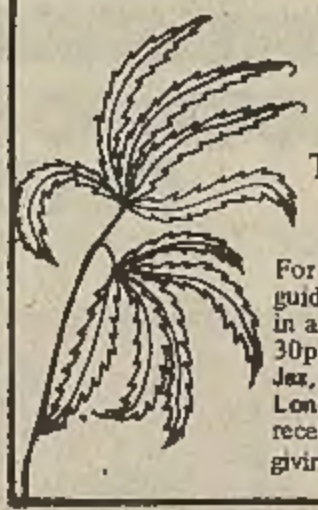
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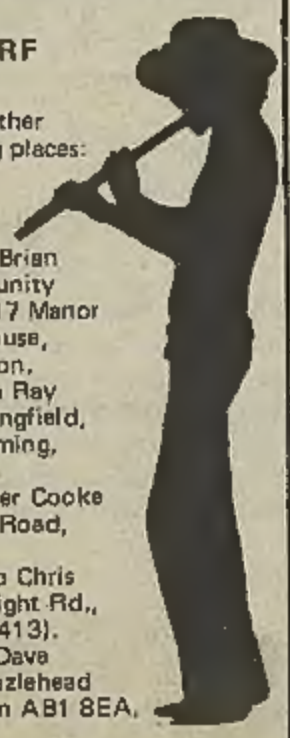
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